

# The Musical World.

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## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

MR. ANDERSON AND MR. HORATIO CHIPP.

MR. HORATIO CHIPP'S STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Allow me, as a late member of Her Majesty's Private Band, and late Musician in Ordinary to the Queen, to make some few remarks on a pamphlet recently printed at Norwich, entitled "Statement by Mr. G. F. Anderson, in Reply to Calumnious Charges against him, as Director of Her Majesty's Private Band," which, though avowedly intended "for private circulation," has become very generally public, and contains frequent reference to myself. Had the "Statement of Mr. Anderson" exonerated that gentleman from the "charges" which he is pleased to term "calumnious," I should have refrained from any further intrusion on your kindness. This, however, is by no means the case. Instead of fair and candid arguments, which might have exculpated him, and allayed all further doubt about the character of his proceedings, having none such to offer, Mr. Anderson has simply had recourse to recrimination, distorting some facts, mutilating others—to suit his own end—and even descending to the petty expedient of publishing confidential letters, which, whatever purport they might have borne at the period when written, have nothing to do with the question actually at issue. I believe I am only echoing the unanimous opinion of the musical profession when I state, that the most attentive perusal of Mr. Anderson's pamphlet leaves his case a little worse than it was before, and that, consequently, he would have done better not to print it.

Having been no less than ten years attached to the Royal service, I have had ample experience of Mr. Anderson's behaviour towards those who were placed under his control. But to proceed to matters which most concern myself—observing, meanwhile, that I have hitherto brought no "charges" against Mr. Anderson, but simply explained, in letters to the *Musical World*, my reasons for resigning the position I had the honour to hold in the Private Band. By this step I relinquished an annual income of £35 as member of the Queen's Orchestra, and, further, was mulcted of £45 as Musician in Ordinary.

Very shortly after the letter signed "Truth" appeared in the *Musical World*, Mr. Anderson sent for me to his room, and without any preliminary explanation, informed me that he was about to raise my annual salary from £80 to the full appointments of a principal—viz., £130, which, he stated, was my "due as principal violoncello." I did not inquire, on receipt of this intelligence, why, since it was my "due," I had been deprived of it for ten years—or why my salary had varied alternately from £80 to £90, from £90 to £100, and from £100 back again to £80. Having been during the whole of that period (10 years) "principal violoncello," I was entitled—by Mr. Anderson's own volunteered and unsolicited admission—to £130; and whatever private letters have since passed between Mr. Anderson and myself, should be, "without prejudice,"—if words have any meaning—to my just rights. I did not make these inquiries; but, agreeably surprised at so unexpected a turn of good fortune, I at once consented, in consideration of henceforth receiving the full salary of principal (£130 per annum—"my due,") to give up certain outstanding engagements which might possibly interfere with duties at the Palace. To arrange this without delay, I immediately came to town from Windsor, in order to cancel my engagements, on the strength of Mr. Anderson's spontaneous proposition. I succeeded in my object, not without some trouble. What, then, was my surprise, and, I will add, my indignation, on returning to Windsor Castle, and informing Mr. Anderson of the steps I had taken,

to receive from that gentleman a reply to the effect that he (Mr. Anderson) had no power to give me the £130 at present—that I might consider myself, however, entitled to £100 (the salary which I had formerly received), and that he (Mr. Anderson) would forthwith apply to His Royal Highness Prince Albert for permission to award me the additional £30, which was "my due" as principal violoncello!! And this, after having addressed me only the day before as follows:—

"I pledge you my word, which you know is my bond, that my promise to you shall be faithfully kept."

This promise was to raise my salary to £130. How was it that Mr. Anderson, who had the power to raise my salary in a moment from £80 to £100, had not the power to raise it to £130—which he acknowledged to be "my due"—without communicating with H. R. H. the Prince Consort. One word only can express the nature of this transaction, and that—a mild one, after all—is *shuffling*.

The day after the interview, I addressed the following letter to Mr. Anderson:—

"Jan. 31st, 1855.

"Dear Sir—You will perceive by the engagement (which I enclose) of the Amateurs, that the first full rehearsal takes place on Friday evening next, therefore may I beg an answer to my note of the 27th, as I fear Mr. Leslie will consider me neglectful if I do not give him time to engage another violoncello.

"H. CHIPP."

It is evident from the above, that I was waiting the fulfilment of Mr. Anderson's promise ("I pledge you my word, which you know is my bond," etc.), that my salary should be raised. Receiving no answer, I wrote again, on February 1st, 1855, a letter, in which the following passage occurs:—

"High-street, Windsor, Feb. 1st, 1855.

"You have promised, as I am principal violoncellist in Her Majesty's Private Band, to place me on the same footing as those members of the Private Band, who receive for their services (as principals) £130 per annum."

Mr. Anderson, in his pamphlet, quotes a portion of this letter, which, separated from the context, was calculated to suit his purpose, but when connected with the passage quoted above, assumes a wholly different aspect. Moreover, the Hon. Colonel Phipps wrote to me as subjoined:—

"Buckingham Palace, May 3rd, 1855.

"With regard to the question of the increase of your salary, as you never appealed to me upon the subject during the time you were a Member of the Band (a course which was open to you), it seems hardly necessary to enter upon it now, further than to state that it had been under consideration, and would have been sanctioned."

And yet Mr. Anderson calls the "pretended promise" "an assertion in which there is not a syllable of truth."

With regard to the letter signed "Truth," Mr. Anderson accused my brother of having written it, not only to me, but to others. Of course I conveyed this information to my brother, and though Mr. Anderson, as he owns himself in his pamphlet, believed my brother's assurance of his innocence, he sent back some trifling souvenirs, which he had accepted years previously from us both, and, by this act, convinced us his suspicions were not removed, in spite of his professions to the contrary. Hence the letter in the *Musical World* of the 30th of January, of which it is only necessary to refer to the following:—

"Mr. Anderson threatens, that if the letter in your journal should be traced to myself, or any member of Her Majesty's Private Band, he (Mr. Anderson) shall immediately give orders that such person is refused further admittance into the Queen's Palace."

Those who know Mr. Anderson best will agree with me that he was quite capable of carrying this threat into effect, supposing him to possess the power.

In answer to my statement, "that one cause of my resignation was

the many annoyances received from him," Mr. Anderson affects a total ignorance of what those annoyances were. I will refresh his memory.

1st.—The annoyance proceeding from Mr. Anderson's total incompetence as a musical conductor, which rendered it impossible for the members of the Queen's Band to perform their duties efficiently.

2nd.—The annoyance arising from the insulting tone in which the most trifling misunderstandings were invariably noticed, as for example—"You are not obliged to stay in the band: I can get plenty of talent quite as good, and for less money"—a style of coarse reproof to which we were continually exposed, and which, as gentlemen, we could not easily tolerate.

3rd.—When the salaries were paid, our cheques were not only tendered in the most grudging manner—as if the money came from Mr. Anderson's own pocket—but were dated about a week previous to the day on which we received them, and accompanied with a request that they might not be presented till a week later, which was often a matter of great personal inconvenience to many of us.

4th.—Although I believe there is a stipulated allowance for violoncello strings (as well as for violin strings), in addition to the salary and supper money, I have not received any consideration of the kind since 1852.

5th.—The sum of 7s. 6d. for supper money—owing to every member of the Private Band since 1851—was only paid to me a few weeks ago, on my demanding the same from Mr. Anderson's solicitors.

6th.—Though I always endeavoured to perform my duties in Her Majesty's Private Band with the utmost zeal, the constant petty disputes and contentions with Mr. Anderson made it impossible that I should do so with effect; and thus, instead of the appointment being a pleasure as well as an honour, it was almost untenable—in short, an absolute martyrdom.

7th.—The youngest member of the Band (Mr. W. G. Cusins, nephew of Mr. Anderson) was allowed to absent himself from the very numerous rehearsals without sending a deputy, while myself and others were compelled to pay deputies for a similar privilege, granted too with difficulty, and in a manner anything but courteous. Mr. Cusins's non-appearance at rehearsals, etc., gave great dissatisfaction. It was unfair to the rest of the Band, who were obliged to be *au fait* in all the new music, while Mr. Cusins (whose talent, though considerable, hardly enables him, like Sig. Mario, to perform without rehearsals) was allowed to take his chance, and play his part at sight.

8th.—In February and March, 1855, at Buckingham Palace, Mr. Anderson, having engaged no regular contra-basso, requested Mr. German, the trombone-player in the Private Band, to play double bass during the evening's performance, instead of the trombone. Of course, Mr. German could not be expected to be as well acquainted with an instrument upon which he rarely played, and which, indeed, he did not profess to play, as with his own. Nevertheless, it was unjust in Mr. Anderson to place an artist unaccustomed to the double bass in the position of principal; and when mistakes occurred, to lay the blame to me—whether purposely, or from ignorance, is best known to himself. I spoke to Mr. Sainton about this petty exercise of tyranny, and told him if it was persisted in I should leave the Palace, demand an audience of the Hon. C. B. Phipps, and inform him of Mr. Anderson's ungentlemanly behaviour.

9th.—All the members of the Private Band, with one or two exceptions, were compelled, like porters, to carry the music-stands—which were very heavy—to the place where we played in the Queen's Drawing-Room. I have, for years, had to carry the stand, the violoncello stool, and my own instrument—a humiliation to which the meanest performer in a suburban singing tavern would not be exposed. What with the weight, the hurry, and the confusion in getting quickly into my place, I was frequently unable to play a note for several minutes. After the performance (in common with the rest) I had to carry the stand, the stool, and the instrument, back again to the spot whence they were taken, with a request from Mr. Anderson that the music-stands might be placed in regular order (about which punctilio he was especially severe). In short, had the Gentlemen of the Band been simply grooms or waiters, they could not have been subjected to more degrading treatment.

10th.—Although I sacrificed twenty pounds per annum of my salary for permission (which was granted) to attend the Amateur Society and the Opera, Mr. Anderson, when the Court remained at Windsor (in Easter), forced me to attend; I was consequently obliged to send deputies. This was again the case in June; so that, but for the kindness of Mr. Costa and Mr. Leslie, I should have lost both engagements, with the additional sacrifice of £20 a year. Thus much for "a word," which is at the same time "a bond."

"In 1850," says Mr. Anderson, "this same gentleman (Mr. H. Chipp) committed a breach of duty, which endangered his position in

the Band." But Mr. Anderson does not explain to his private friends—for whose edification the pamphlet was printed at Norwich—of what the "breach of duty" consisted. I will do it for him. Being detained in the country, by illness, for two days, on returning to Windsor, I apologised to Mr. Anderson for my absence. He retorted with a volley of abuse—lost his temper altogether, and his manner was so insolent and ungentlemanly, that I quitted the Castle in disgust (the Private Band was required in the evening), leaving Mr. Anderson to find another violoncellist as well as he could. The next morning I returned to London—in fact I resigned—told my friends what had happened, and assured them that I could never think of remaining in the Queen's Band under Mr. Anderson. The same morning I called upon Mr. Costa, and informed him of the misunderstanding between Mr. Anderson and myself. With a kindness and liberality which I shall ever remember with gratitude, Mr. Costa immediately gave me an engagement at the Royal Italian Opera. I had scarcely left my house, however, when Mr. Anderson came and acquainted my parents of my supposed ill behaviour towards him. He represented himself as a most injured man, and said I had seriously hurt his shoulder (or his arm, I forget which) by closing the door abruptly in his face—a charge which, besides being wholly unfounded, is unworthy of reply.

Some days later, although I had resigned my place in the Band, I was induced to reconsider my resolution. At Mr. Anderson's request, I called upon him at his house, and he there dictated to me *visa voce* the spirit of a letter, which, upon my forwarding, it was agreed I should be reinstated in the Band. This is the letter of the 12th of April, 1850, which Mr. Anderson has published in his pamphlet, and which I therefore need not quote; since, although that pamphlet was professedly intended "for private circulation," it is in the hands of every member of the profession. In pursuance of a similar policy to extort from offending members of the Band humble and submissive letters addressed to himself, Mr. Anderson requested me to tell my brother, when he was dismissed, "that, if he (my brother) would write a very humble letter, he (Mr. Anderson) would see what could be done with his Royal Highness Prince Albert, to get him reinstated in the Band." The cause of my return to the situation was the urgent solicitation of my own family; and the only way to effect what they so much desired was to write the letter, the gist of which Mr. Anderson himself dictated.

Mr. Anderson accuses me of alluding, "in a tone of complaint," to the reduction of my salary, from £100 to £80—which I deny emphatically. I remained in Her Majesty's service ten years, and, as Mr. Anderson very well knows, I never once complained about the smallness of my pay; nor did I ever ask him to raise my salary until he proposed it himself, just after the celebrated letter signed "Truth" appeared. Again, Mr. Anderson, in his pamphlet, page 10, remarks that the salaries agreed and fixed upon for "ripiant violins," and "second wind instruments" were not to exceed the sum of £100.

How, then, was it that the principal violoncello, who played in solos, quartets, etc., should only be entitled to the same appointments?

A few words more, and I have done. Others besides myself have been exposed to "annoyances." In January last, Mr. Richardson, the well-known flautist (also a member of Her Majesty's Private Band), asked permission to go and see his father, who was lying dangerously ill, at Leeds—in fact on the point of death. Mr. Anderson, instead of granting so natural a request, in the most unfeeling manner refused it. Mr. Richardson had received a telegraphic message, demanding his immediate presence, to which, on being informed of it, Mr. Anderson replied:—"No, I cannot help that, the Queen's business must be attended to." I was putting up my violoncello at the time, close by, where they were conversing, and heard what was said. Mr. Richardson, in the greatest mental distress, complained to us all in the bitterest terms of Mr. Anderson's cruel and despotic conduct. I advised him to go to Leeds and see his father at any risk, and he accepted my advice. His father died, and Mr. Richardson returned to his duty at Windsor Castle after three days' absence. He was not dismissed for this "breach of duty."

I also remember a circumstance perfectly well (and so do others) that transpired with regard to the late Louis Schröder, principal contra-basso in Her Majesty's Private Band. On one occasion, our salaries up to the 25th January, 1854, not having been paid by Mr. Anderson some time after quarter day, Mr. Schröder, who was in great pecuniary distress, wrote the letter which I have quoted below. The majority of the Private Band were present, when Mr. Anderson commented, in unmeasured terms, upon the impertinence of Mr. Schröder asking for his money, and concluded by saying that there was a policeman at the lodge door who could turn him (Mr. Schröder), or any other member of the Band, out of the Castle, should this letter-writing be persisted in. The following is a transcript of Mr. Schröder's letter:—

"25th January, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—Some of the members of Her Majesty's Private Band, with myself in particular, have now for some months looked forward to the time of our quarterly payment—and as its general long delay causes much perplexity and great exposure, I hope you will soon be able to supply these our wants, for which we shall feel greatly obliged. Your humble servant,

"G. Anderson, Esq."

Our salaries were due on the first of every quarter. Compare the above with Mr. Anderson's exoneration of himself (*in re* "Schroeder") in the last number of the *Musical World*, and in answer to the able and manly statement of Mr. Henry Hill.

With many apologies for taking up so much of your valuable space, and sincere thanks for your courtesy and kindness, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HOBATIO CHIPP.

49, Great Portland-street, Portland-place,  
June 16th, 1855.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE SCHROEDER FAMILY.

MR. HILL'S STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

THE communication from the Master of the Private Band which appeared in your journal of the 9th inst., in reply to my former statement of what had taken place in respect to the affairs of L. Schroeder's children, renders some observations from me inevitable. It is not my intention to endeavour to disentangle that tissue of plausibility, perversion, and falsehood, but merely to offer one or two remarks on the leading features, and leave the rest to their doom.

The Master of the Private Band says "he never claimed repayment of the thirty pounds paid by him to the Royal Academy of Music on account of Louis Nathaniel Schroeder, Jun." The father complained to me often and greatly of the trouble the debt had brought upon him, and how utterly impossible it was for him to pay it, though the Master of the Private Band never failed to press the payment on his attention at every favourable opportunity. This is known and can be proved by many other persons to whom he made similar declarations at various times previous to his death. The Master of the Private Band often named the debt to me, and added, "I expect, if ever the boy has it in his power, he will repay me." Is not the above sufficient to warrant my saying he claimed repayment of the money? The proposition "to go round to the creditors" never was made—it is pure invention. It is true he often said he was anxious to get rid of the money, but never named the day for payment, nor did he pay anything until the 7th of May, 1855—he having been, in all probability, informed that it was my intention to bring the matter under notice in "the proper quarter" (which I did)—when he sent for the boy and paid him £14 in the whole.

The guarantee, and memorandum of account, I refused to sign and accept because they contained "gross falsehoods." I have copies and can prove it if required. The master of the Private Band says "he gave up part of his apartment to my use." I never dressed in Windsor Castle, and generally took off my great coat and boots in a passage leading from one room to another. Sometimes I have gone into the room set apart for Mr. Cusins and Mr. Sainton, but never into the room of the Master of the Private Band on any occasion whatever except that of business. This episode of his is one of those wanderings of the intellect for which he has been much distinguished of late. From the manner in which he reproaches me with this kindness and that liberality, one would think that he had preserved me from want and indigence, whereas, beyond words, I never received a favour of value from him at any time of my life; his "unremitting attention" to my health and "delicate condition" never went beyond the language of the most ordinary and unmeaning courtesy—his great liberality to the boy, Louis Nathaniel Schroeder, and his anxiety to do him good, was pointedly evinced, the moment he heard he was engaged at the Princess's Theatre, for he threatened "to write to Charles Kean, Esq., and have him dismissed from the orchestra, if only to punish his ingratitude." This can be proved by competent witnesses whenever he may desire it!!!

In relation to the violoncello, the Master of the Private Band has never had anything to do with it from the beginning to the end; and I have simply to say, that I am only in part paid for it at this moment. The

few facts which follow will, I think, make the matter quite clear. In January, 1855, in the first instance, I lent the boy the violoncello, with the proviso that he might buy it if he liked it, and thought fit to do so. I offered also to receive the price, ten guineas, by instalments, little or much, as he could afford, the whole to be paid in fifty weeks. He agreed to purchase the instrument on the terms named, and paid me January 11th, 10s., January 29th, £1, May 14th, £5, and on May 19th, 1855, £2, making in the whole £8 10s.—£2 remaining still unpaid. For the truth of this statement I refer to the accompanying declaration, made at the Mansion House on the 14th inst. to the boy, and to those friends of the Master of the Private Band, whom he called as witnesses to his second-hand munificence. If any public proof of the unscrupulous nature of the assertions he indulges in was wanting, he himself has furnished it, and I wish him joy of his achievement. I hope, Sir, that I have stated enough to show that assertions more wickedly untrue than those made by the Master of the Private Band were never put on paper, and that nothing but the most unreasoning malice could put forward statements so utterly without foundation.

I am, Sir, yours most obediently,

June 14th, 1855.

H. HILL.

AFFIDAVIT.

I, HENRY HILL, of No. 76, Bridge-road, in the parish of Saint Mary, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, musician, do solemnly and sincerely declare, that on or about the fifth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, I sold to Louis Nathaniel Schroeder a violoncello, case, and bow, for the sum of ten guineas, which I agreed to receive by instalments, at the same time stipulating that the whole amount should be paid in fifty weeks; and I further solemnly and sincerely declare that I have received in part payment from the said Louis Nathaniel Schroeder the following sums, viz.:—January 11th, ten shillings; January 29th, one pound; May 14th, five pounds; May 19th, two pounds; making in the whole the sum of eight pounds ten shillings; and I farther solemnly and sincerely declare that two pounds of the price agreed upon still remain unpaid; and I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act made and passed in the sixth year of the reign of His late Majesty, intituled, "An Act to repeal an Act of the present Session of Parliament, intituled 'An Act for the more effectual abolition of oaths and affirmations taken and made in various departments of the State, and to substitute declarations in lieu thereof, and for the more entire suppression of voluntary and extrajudicial oaths and affidavits, and to make other provisions for the abolition of unnecessary oaths.'"

Declared at the Mansion House, in the City of London, this Fourteenth day of June, One thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, before me

HENRY HILL.

WILLIAM CURTIS, Alder.

THE OXFORD PROFESSORSHIP.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Much has been said in various quarters respecting the appointment of the Rev. Sir F. G. Osely to the professorship of music, in the University of Oxford. Perhaps, as the son of a professional lady, the grandson of an acknowledged composer, and as an amateur musician and clergyman myself, I may be able to reconcile some difficulties that appear to be felt by the profession.

To the courtesy and kindness of many of the leading organists in the country, I may fairly lay what little knowledge I possess on musical subjects, while I am equally certain that the incapacity of many clergymen to judge of music is often the means of worrying an accomplished and diligent organist, without giving any satisfaction to the congregation—except such as may have acquired the obtuseness necessary for the hearing of Gregorian chants played out of time by Puseyite but amiable young ladies, and sung out of tune by children upon whom their honourable and kindly care might be more usefully bestowed. On the other hand, too many organists are left to look upon the organ as a solo instrument, not as the one best fitted for accompaniment of the voice in choral singing. Any organist of ordinary ability can get through the Hallelujah Chorus at the "playing out" and may drone, respectfully through the "London New" or the "Foundling," with an interlude (except where the clergyman, knowing nothing about the use or purport of such things, interdicts them), of average originality. To such organists we cannot look for much; at all events not for the regeneration of what has to be sought for in an official professor of music. Nor can we exactly hope that the



contemptible sums "on the foundation" would be a very valuable equivalent for the services of such organists as we hear at St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Sepulchre's, St. Luke's Old-street, or St. Mary-at-Hill. Their professional value would simply make a professorship (so paid) a "ruination-ship." So far, then, there is little temptation for any of our first rate organists and score-masters.

Treating the matter *locally*, let me not for an instant detract from the high competency of Oxford professional men—men to whose example and even tuition (on some points) the present professor would, I believe, gladly confess himself indebted. Neither the sound, steadfast care of Dr. Corfe, the consummate knowledge of Dr. Elvey, or the superb taste and finished pedal playing of the younger organist of Magdalen College, can leave any doubts as to the musical calibre of the University; but it may be fairly questioned, whether the present election will not prove a judicious one. In one of the most critical papers of the day, Sir F. G. Ouseley is described as a rich "fellow" of "Jesus" College. As a member of the same college as himself, I may state that he was a non-foundation member, being a gentleman-commoner and grand-compounder of Christ Church. Bentley somewhere observes, that "a man will always write the better for knowing something about the subject." As to his financial circumstances, the magnificent organ now building by Mr. Flight will perhaps speak very sufficiently, especially when the establishment for the real and thorough education of those who combine a taste for music for God's service is fully organized.

It is no disadvantage, I would humbly urge, that a man of position, taste, and fortune, and whose musical qualifications and taste have been honourably admitted, should undertake a duty for which he is, in many ways, better qualified than, under the present system of things, many professional men could be. Possessing the means of acting independently, it is to be hoped that he will display his independence, both by shewing that many organists deserve to be treated as gentlemen, (a lesson wanted sorely by many clergymen); that a senior canon's objection to pedal pipes is no reason why those whose intellect is longer than their ears should not be allowed to hear them; and, in a word, that both professions owe a duty to one another. Writing, as I do, both as a clergyman and something of a musician, I hope that our new professor will fully consider his responsibilities, and will labour to prove not only that an organist should look upon his office as a sacred and responsible duty, but that a clergyman should understand when to leave a clever organist free from his own crotchets or from churchwardenlike taste.

Should my present communication meet your views, I may feel inclined to return to the subject, as regards professional influence on *secular* music. Meanwhile, as a sincere well wisher and as a delighted reader of articles which have done such real justice to the science of organ-building and true church-playing,

I am, your obedient servant,  
KEPATAOON.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In answer to "Veritas," in your last number, we beg to say we publish an edition of "Before Jehovah's awful throne," arranged by Uglov, as a quartet for *soprano, alto, tenor, and bass*, with organ accompaniment. We also publish "Vital Spark" similarly arranged, and by the same.

Your obedient servants,  
Cheltenham, June 11th. HALE AND SON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—An edition of "Before Jehovah's awful throne" will be found in "A Collection of Sacred Music for Four Voices, with organ or piano-forte accompaniment, by Thos. Macfarlane" (published by D'Almaine). "Sound the loud timbrel," for three voices, is in "A Series of Sacred Melodies, Duets, and Trios; the words by Thomas Moore; the music composed and selected by Sir John Stevenson, the Poet" (published by J. Power, 34, Strand).

209, Brandon Place, Glasgow.

WM. EWING.

FISH WITH MUSICAL SCALES.—In the midst of other interesting matter in the "Commercial Intelligence," we read that "60 drums of codfish had arrived from Newfoundland." We were delighted with the discovery, that cods were so musically inclined as to throw themselves, body and bones, into the depths of such a melodious instrument; and further, we were charmed with the happy reflection that it was owing probably to this very drum that we were indebted for the delightful sound of the cod.—Punch.

## OPERA AND DRAMA.

PART I.

### OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 358.)

#### CHAPTER III.

FROM the time of Rossini, the history of opera is, in reality, nothing more than the history of *operatic melody*, of its interpretation from the artistically speculative, and of its execution from the effect-seeking point of view of representation.

Rossini's mode of proceeding, having been crowned with prodigious success, had involuntarily diverted composers from their search after the dramatic substance of an air, and from their endeavours to imbue it with consistent dramatic importance. It was the *constitution of melody itself*, into which the whole framework of the air had resolved itself, which now captivated the interest as well as the speculations of composers. They could not avoid feeling that the public was entertained, even by the airs of Gluck, only in the same proportion that the general sentiment, conveyed by the text-foundation, had obtained, in the purely musical portion of the air, that kind of expression which again, in its general character, was simply manifested as an absolute ear-pleasing tune. If this is perfectly plain to us in Gluck, it becomes palpably evident in the last of his successors, Spontini. All these serious musical dramatists had more or less deceived themselves in assigning the effect produced by their music, not so much to the purely melodic essence of their airs, as to the realisation of the dramatic intention which they ascribed to them. The operatic stage was, in their time, particularly in Paris, the rendezvous of *aesthetical beaux-esprits*, and a class of personages of high rank, who relied upon also being *aesthetical beaux-esprits*. The serious *aesthetical* intention of the composer was respectfully adopted by this public; the entire glory of the artistic law-giver played around the musician who undertook to write the drama in *tones*, and his public probably imagined itself moved by the dramatic "declamation," while it was, in truth, only carried away by the charms of the melodies of the airs. When the public, emancipated by Rossini, at last dared, openly and frankly, to confess this, it confirmed a most undeniable truth, and justified the completely consistent and natural circumstance, that where, in accordance not only with the outward acceptance, but also with the whole artistic disposition of a work of art, the music was the principal thing, the aim and goal—the poetic art, which was merely auxiliary, as well as every dramatic intention conveyed by it, must remain without effect and null, while, on the contrary, the music alone had to produce every effect by the power most peculiar to it. Every attempt to display itself dramatically and characteristically could but distort the true constitution of music, and this constitution, immediately music endeavours, not merely to assist and work in company for the attainment of a higher aim, but to *work altogether alone*, declares itself only in melody, as the expression of a general sentiment.

This could not but be evident to all operatic composers by Rossini's irrefutable success. Musicians who felt more deeply than the generality might yet make one reply in opposition to this, but it could only be:—that they not merely looked on the character of Rossini's melody as shallow and uncongenial, but, generally, as in no way *exhausting* the principles of melody. To such musicians, the task must have presented itself of imparting to melody, which was undeniably all powerful, the whole, full expression of human sentiment, original to it; and, in the attempt to accomplish this task, they continued Rossini's reaction—passing over the constitution and origin of opera—to the source from which the air had first derived its artificial life—to the restoration of the primitive melody of the people's song.

This transformation of melody was first and most successfully called into life by a German musician. Karl Maria von Weber attained his artistic maturity at a period of historical develop-



ment, when the impulse for freedom, which was then aroused, still displayed itself less in man, as man, than in the people of different countries, as *national masses*.

The feeling of independence, that was not as yet, in politics, referable to the purely human principle, and, therefore, not, as yet, conceived as a purely human feeling of independence, searched—as if inexplicable to itself, and aroused rather by accident than necessity—for the principles of justification, which it believed were to be found in the national root of the people. The movement arising from this was, in truth, more like a restoration than a revolution; it displayed itself in its greatest perplexity as an inordinate desire to restore what was old and lost, and it was not until the most recent times that we have been able to learn how this error could only lead to new fetters for our development to real human freedom; but from the fact of our having been obliged to acknowledge this, we have now been impelled into the right path, and that with painful although healing violence.

It is not here my intention to give the exposition of the constitution of opera as in harmony with our political development: such a project affords far too great a scope for the workings of fancy not to hatch the most absurd Quixotisms—as has already been the case, in the most unedifying and abundant degree, with regard to this subject. I am far more desirous of explaining the unnatural and contradictory elements of this branch of art—as well as its notorious incompetency to attain the end proposed in it—from its own constitution. The *national direction*, however, pursued in the treatment of melody, possesses, in its importance and confusion, and, finally in its breaking-up and unfairness—which became more and more clear, and exposed its error—too great a similarity with the errors of our political development of the last forty years for us to pass over, unnoticed, the relation between the two.

In art, as in politics, the characterising feature of this direction is: that its fundamental error was displayed in its first involuntariness with seductive loveliness; but, in its final egotistical and shortsighted obstinacy, with repulsive ugliness. It was beautiful as long as the simply confused spirit of freedom was expressed in it; it is now disgusting, since the spirit of freedom has, in truth, conquered it, and nothing but vulgar egotism artificially maintains it.

In music, the national tendency was displayed with all the more real beauty, from the fact that the character of music is, as a rule, manifested rather in general than in specific sentiment. That which, with our *poetizing* romanticists, manifested itself as a Roman Catholic mystical contortion of the eyes, and a feudal-chivalric love-slavery, was displayed in music as native, fervent, deep and wide-breathing tune, blossoming in noble grace—as tune, obtained, so to say, from listening to the real, last gasp emitted by the soul of the various examples of the *naïve* people's spirit.

Rossini's voluptuous melodies, in which every one was revelling, cut the incomparably amiable composer of *Der Freischütz*, most repulsively and painfully to his artistic heart; he could not allow that they contained the source of true melody; he felt compelled to prove to the world that they were merely an impure emanation from that source, which, when people were only able to discover it, was still flowing with the most untroubled clearness. While the fashionable founders of opera merely listened carelessly to the people's song, Weber strained every nerve, and devoted his whole attention to catch its sounds. While the odour of the people's beautiful flower penetrated from the glade into the glittering halls of the luxurious members of the musical world, to be there distilled into portative perfumes, a yearning to behold the flower drove Weber from the voluptuous halls down to the glade itself, where he perceived the flower at the source of the merrily gurgling brook, in the strongly fragrant shadow-grass on the wonderfully crisp moss, under the musically rustling foliage of the strong old trees. How the delighted artist felt his heart beat high at the sight, as he drew in this abundance of sweet odour! He could not resist the feeling of love that impelled him to carry to the enervated world this healing sight, this vivifying odour, as a means of salvation from their madness—to tear the flower itself from the

heavenly wilderness that produced it, in order that he might display it as a most holy object to the world of luxury, so much in need of such a blessing—he broke it off!—Unhappy being!—He placed the sweetly modest flower in a costly vase in a magnificent chamber; daily did he moisten it with fresh water from the forest source. But see! The leaves, so coyly and tightly shut, open, as if stretched out in indolent voluptuousness, the plant shamelessly uncovers its noble organs of generation, and suffers them, with horrible indifference, to be smelt by the nose of every swindling voluptuary. "What ails thee, flower?" exclaims the master, in the agony of his soul, "dost thou thus forget the beautiful glade where thou grewest so modestly?" But the flower lets its leaves drop off, one by one; dull and withered, they are scattered upon the carpet—a last breath of their sweet odour is borne to the master: "I am dying—for thou brokest me off!" The master, too, died with the flower; it was the soul of his art; and his art, the enigmatical bond of his life. No flower again grew in the glade! Tyrolean singers came from their mountains; they sang before Prince Metternich, who gave them good letters of recommendation to every court, and all the lords and bankers were amused in their wanton saloons with the merry *Jodeln* of these children of the mountains as they sang about their "*Diendel*."\* At present, our young men march to the murder of their brothers to Bellini's airs, and dance with their lasses to Donizetti's operatic melodies, for—the flower never grew again.

It is a characteristic feature of the German people's melody that it is manifested less in shortly-constructed, pert, particular rhythm, than in long-breathed, glad, and yet yearningly-swelling passages. A German song, executed entirely without harmony, strikes us as something incredible; we everywhere hear it sung by two voices, at least; art feels called upon, of its own accord, to add the bass and the easily supplied tenor, in order to have the structure of the harmonic melody completely before it. This melody is the foundation of Weber's people's opera: free from every national peculiarity, it is marked by a broad, general expression of feeling, possessing no ornament but the smile of the sweetest and most natural fervour, and thus speaking, by the power of undistorted grace, to men's hearts, no matter to what national peculiarity they may belong, exactly because the purely human element is so unfeignedly evident in it. Would that we could recognise in the world-wide influence of Weber's melody the principle of German spirit and its supposed destination better than we do in the lie of its special qualities!

Weber shapes everything according to this melody; completely filled with it, whatever he perceives and wishes afterwards to portray, whatever in the whole framework of opera he sees is capable, or which he can render capable, of being expressed in this melody, whether by his breathing over it with the breath of the melody, or sprinkling it with a dew-drop from the calyx of the flower, he necessarily succeeded in working out with entrancing, true, and striking effect. It was, in fact, this melody which Weber made the factor of his operas. The pretence of the drama was realized by this melody, in so far as the whole drama was, from the beginning, poured out, as it were, into the melody, caught up into the melody, consumed by it, dissolved in it, justified by it. If we view *Der Freischütz* as a drama in this light, we must assign its poem exactly the same position with regard to Weber's music that the poem of *Tancredi* holds relatively to Rossini's music. Rossini's melody fixed the character of the poem of *Tancredi*, precisely in the same manner that Weber's melody fixed the poem of the childish *Freischütz*, Weber not being at all different in the latter case from Rossini in the former, except that he was noble and sensible, while Rossini was frivolous and sensual.† Weber only opened his arms wider to receive the drama, because his melody was really the language of the heart, true, and unadulterated: whatever was merged in

\* Maid, lass.

† What I here understand by "sensual," in contradistinction to the sensuality which I account the realizing moment of a work of art, may be gathered from the exclamation of an Italian audience, who, in their raptures at the singing of a *castrato*, broke out into the cry, "B'essed be the knife!"

it was free and secure from all distortion. But whatever, on account of the restricted capabilities of this language, was *not*, despite all its truth, to be expressed in it, Weber exerted himself in vain to bring out, and his stammering in this case is the honest acknowledgment of the incapability of music to really become drama itself—that is to say, to cause real drama, not shaped to suit its own peculiar demands, to be merged in it; while music, on the contrary, must reasonably be merged in real drama.

We have now to continue the history of melody.

When Weber, in his search for melody, returned to the people, and discovered in the German people the happy quality of *naïve* fervour without any restrictive national peculiarity, he guided operatic composers in general to a source which they then everywhere looked after, as far as their eyes would reach, as a well by no means deficient in an abundant supply.

The French composers were the first to turn their attention to the herb, which grew as an indigenous plant among them. With them, the witty or sentimental "couplet" had long vindicated its position on the people's stage, in recited plays. In accordance with its nature, more peculiarly adapted for the expression of gaiety—or, if for that of feeling, never for that of the passionately tragic—it decided, completely of itself, the character of that species of drama, in which it was employed with predominating intention. A Frenchman is not constituted so as to allow his feelings to dissolve entirely into music; if his excitement rises high enough to require expression by means of music, he must, at the same time, be able to speak, or, at least, dance. When the couplet ends, the country dance\* begins; without this, music does not exist in his opinion. For him, in the couplet, *speaking* is so much the principal thing, that he will only sing it *alone*, and never with others, because it would then no longer be possible to understand clearly what is spoken. In the country dance, too, the dancers generally stand singly opposite one another; every person does on his own account whatever he has to do, and the couples only clasp one another when the character of the dance does not permit them to avoid it. In the same manner, in French *Vaudeville* all the elements appertaining to the musical apparatus stand singly—simply connected by the babbling prose—near one another, and, when the couplet is sung by several persons at the same time, this is effected in the most painful musical consonance possible. French opera is extended *vaudeville*; all the broader musical apparatus in it is *for the form* of the so-called dramatic opera; but, *as regards its substance*, borrowed from the artistic element which gained the highest degree of voluptuous importance through Rossini.

The peculiar bloom of this kind of opera consists, and always will consist, of the couplet, rather *spoken* than sung, and its musical essence, the rhythmical melody of the country dance. To this national production—which had never done aught but run side by side with the drama, without ever having been employed to receive the latter really in itself—French operatic composers returned with well-weighed purpose, when they became aware, on the one hand, of the death of Spontini's opera, and, on the other, perceived the world-intoxicating effect produced by Rossini, and especially the heart-moving influence of Weber's melody. The living substance of the above-named French national production had already disappeared; *vaudeville* and comic opera had sucked it until its dry, arid source no longer flowed. When musical artists, in need of nature, listened for the anxiously desired murmuring of the brook, they could no longer hear it, on account of the prosaic click-clack of the mill, whose wheel they themselves drove with the water they had conducted to it out of its original bed, through a canal formed of boards. When they wished to hear the people sing, all that greeted their ears were the disgusting well-known productions of their *Vaudeville-Machine*.

Now commenced the grand hunt after people's melodies in foreign lands. Weber himself, when the native flower withered, had already diligently consulted Forkel's descriptions of Arabian music, and borrowed from them a march for the guards of the

Harem. But our friends, the French, were quicker in their movements; they consulted only handbooks for tourists, and then set out themselves, to see and hear, quite close, whenever there was a specimen of popular *naïveté* left, how it looked and sounded. Our hoary headed civilization became once more childish, and childish old men die soon!

Yonder, in beautiful, much-defiled Italy, whose musical fat Rossini had, in so pleasing and distinguished a manner, exhausted for the emaciated artistic world, sat the careless, voluptuous master,<sup>1</sup> looking with a smile of astonishment on the fashionable French hunters after popular melodies, as they scrambled about. One of these individuals was a good horseman, and, when he dismounted after a hasty ride, people knew that he had hit upon a good melody, which would bring him in a large sum. This personage now rode like a madman through all the stores of fish and vegetables in the market at Naples, sending everything flying in all directions, while jabbering and curses followed in his wake, and threatening fists were held up against him—when, with the rapidity of lightning, his nose instinctively scented out the idea of a magnificent revolution of fishmongers and greengrocers. But a still greater advantage was to be derived from this idea! The Parisian horseman gallops wildly out to Portici, to the barks and nets of the simple fishermen, who sing and catch fish there, sleep and rage, play with wife and child and hurl knives, kill one another, and sing all the time they do so. Confess, master Auber, that was a good ride of yours, and better than one upon the winged steed, that only ascends in the air, whence in truth all we can catch is a cold and a running in the head!

The rider rode home, dismounted, paid his most humble respects to Rossini (he knew very well why) and travelled post to Paris; what he there manufactured, in the twinkling of an eye, being nought else than *La Muette de Portici*.

This *Muette* was the muse of the drama, now become speechless, who wandered mournfully and alone among singing and raging crowds, with a broken heart, until, tired of life, she at last stifles both herself and her incurable woe in the artificial fury of a stage volcano.

Rossini beheld the magnificent spectacle from a distance, and, as he travelled to Paris, thought fit to rest a little among the snowy Alps of Switzerland, and listen attentively to the manner in which the robust, bold youths there were accustomed to hold musical converse with their mountains and cows. On arriving in Paris, he paid his most humble respects to Auber (he knew very well why), and, with a great deal of paternal delight, introduced to the world his youngest child, whom, with happy inspiration, he had christened *Guillaume Tell*.

*La Muette de Portici* and *Guillaume Tell* now became the two axes round which the entire speculative operatic world henceforth revolved. A new secret had been discovered for galvanising the half-putrid body of opera, and opera might once more live as long as any national peculiarities could be found to pillage. All the countries of the Continent were searched, every province plundered, every separate nationality sucked dry to the very last drop of its musical blood, and the spirit thus obtained lavished in sparkling fireworks, to the delight of the lords and robbers of the great operatic world. But German art-criticism acknowledged that opera had made a long stride nearer to its aim, for it had now taken the "national," and even—if we like—the "historical" direction. When the whole world goes mad, the Germans feel most delighted, for so much more have they to explain, to guess, to meditate, and lastly—that they may be quite happy—to classify!—

Let us now consider in what the influence of the *national* element upon melody, and through the latter, upon opera, consisted.

The popular element has always been the fructifying source of all art, as long as—free from all reflection—in its natural growth, it could raise itself to a work of art. In society, as in art, we have only been living on the people, without knowing it. When, at the greatest distance from the people, we held the fruit, on which we existed, to be manna, falling just as it pleased Heaven, into the chops of us privileged persons, the elect of God, men of wealth, and geniuses. When we had, however,

\* *Contredanse*.—TRANSLATOR.

squandered away the manna, we cast a hungry look at the fruit trees upon earth, and, as robbers by the grace of God, with bold, robber-like consciousness, despoiled them of their fruit, perfectly indifferent as to whether we had planted or tended them; nay, more—we pulled up the trees themselves to the very roots, in order to see whether we could not render even the latter palatable, or, at any rate, fit to be swallowed. In this manner did we pillage the entire natural wood of the people, until we, at last, now stand, *like them, naked, hungry beggars.*

Thus, then, has operatic music, also, when it became conscious of its complete incapability of procreation, and the drying-up of all its genius, flung itself upon the people's song, which it has sucked dry to the very roots, the fibrous remains of which it now throws to the people as their wretched and unhealthy food. But even operatic melody itself has no prospect of fresh nourishment; it has swallowed up every thing it could swallow up; without the possibility of fresh fructification, it is dying unfruitful; it is now gnawing itself with the agony of a revenant person at the point of death, while German art-critics call this repulsive self-devouring "a striving after higher characteristic," having previously baptized the act of over-throwing the pillaged fruit-trees the "Emancipation of the Masses"!

The operatic composer was unable to comprehend the true popular element; in order to be able to do this, it would have been necessary for him to have created in the spirit and according to the peculiar views of the people; that is—to have himself formed part of the people. He could only comprehend the *especial* element, in which the peculiarity of the popular element manifests itself, and this is the *national* element. The colouring of nationality, already completely obliterated among the higher classes, only existed in those portions of the people who, bound to the soil of the field, the river bank, or the valley, were restrained from all fructifying interchange of their peculiarities. It was, therefore, only something that had become stiff and stereotyped that fell into the hands of the plunderers before mentioned, and, in these hands, which—in order to employ this something in conformity with luxurious caprice—were first compelled to pull out the last fibres of its organs of generation, it could only become a *fashionable curiosity*. As every peculiarity, no matter of what kind, in the fashion of the various foreign national costumes, previously unnoticed, was employed in unnatural finery, so, in opera, a number of separate traits, in melody and rhythm, detached from the life of obscure nationalities, were placed upon the piebald framework of worn-out, empty forms.

This mode of proceeding, however, necessarily exercised upon the bearing of this kind of opera an influence which we have now to consider more closely, an influence which consists in the change of the relative positions of the factors of the opera, and which, as we have already said, was received as the "*Emancipation of the Masses.*"

(To be continued.)

**SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**—With the talismanic word *Sebastopol!* on the bills, no wonder that, in spite of much dull weather, the gardens have been crowded since the opening. In short, there is an excellent picture of the besieged city, with many of the operations of the besiegers, arranged under the inspection of some of our wounded heroes from the Crimea, and warranted correct. We cannot do better than recommend our readers to go and see it.

**GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.**—Several new illustrations have lately been added to this interesting gallery. The night attack of General Pellissier—the English Mortar-battery, and the Redan and Rifle-pits—are among the most attractive. Mr. Stocqueler's explanations are as graphic, interesting, and fully detailed as ever. The principles upon which Mr. Ferguson's new system of fortifications founded is, and of which there is a clever illustration, are well explained. Messrs. Grieve and Telbin deserve the highest credit for the manner in which they closely follow the progress of the war at this most anxious period. No sooner is a battle over at Balaklava, or a fortress blown up at Kertch, than it is commemorated, and symbolised on canvass in Regent-street.

## WHITSUNTIDE AT DÜSSELDORF.

THE THIRTY-THIRD NIEDERRHEINISCHES MUSIK-FEST.

(From our own Correspondent.)

### PROGRAMME.

#### FIRST DAY.

Symphony, "*Es muss doch Frühling Werden,*" - F. Hiller.  
Oratorio, *Creation* - Haydn.

#### SECOND DAY (MONDAY).

Overture, "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*" - Mendelssohn.  
"Das Paradies und die Peri" - R. Schumann.  
Symphony in C minor - Beethoven.

#### THIRD DAY (TUESDAY).

Overture, *Oberon* - Weber.  
Tenor Aria, *Zauberflöte*, Herr Schneider - Mozart.  
Pianoforte Concerto, G major, Herr Otto Goldschmidt - Beethoven.  
Soprano Aria, from *Zauberflöte*, Mad. Goldschmidt - Mozart.  
Hallelujah Chorus, *Messiah* - Handel.  
Overture "*Im Hochland*" - Gade.  
Soprano Aria, *Beatrice di Tenda*, Mad. Goldschmidt - Bellini.  
Basso Aria, from *Jessonda*, Herr Mitterwurzer - Spohr.  
Violin Concerto, Herr David - Rielz.  
Mazurka, sung by Mad. Goldschmidt - Chopin.  
Overture, *Leonora* - Beethoven.

*Es muss doch Frühling Werden.*—Such is the motto prefixed to Herr Ferdinand Hiller's Symphony; and for once the spirit of the prophet was verified by the appearance of agreeable spring weather, so essential to the full enjoyment of a German Musik-fest, and especially at a place like Düsseldorf, which may justly be said to be a town situated in an extensive garden. In the symphony, with the performance of which the festival commenced, Herr Hiller does not seem to have attempted to paint a picture of spring, but rather to portray the emotions of the heart on the approach of that welcome season. So far he has succeeded; his work is a grand conception, and was doubly welcome as coming from the pen of one, who is hitherto untainted with the spirit of his younger compatriots. To make it effective, this work requires a large orchestra, and an exact performance; it had both, and those of the orchestra with whom I spoke were loud in their praises of Hiller as a conductor, and I am sure he could not have been less satisfied with them. This symphony was followed by Haydn's *Creation*; the soli sustained by Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt Lind, Herr Schneider (tenor), and Herr Mitterwurzer (Bass). I was unable to detect any falling off in Madame Goldschmidt's voice; indeed it seemed to be the general opinion of those who were previously well acquainted with her voice and method, that she never sang better. Every one was charmed with the neat and artistic singing of Herr Schneider, of Leipzig, a young man possessing (a rarity in our days) a genuine tenor voice, without exception the most pleasing I have heard in Germany. It was an oversight on the part of the committee to engage Herr Mitterwurzer, a barytone, to undertake the bass solos in the *Creation*, which lie much too low for him. He has a fine voice, but, as is often the case with opera singers, seemed out of his element in the concert room. It is almost needless to add that the orchestra and chorus of amateurs, to whom the *Creation* must be familiar, did their work admirably.

The second day's performance commenced with Mendelssohn's overture, *Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt*, succeeded by R. Schumann's cantata, "*Paradies und die Peri*," an adaptation from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. It was composed some twenty years ago, under the impression that all materials for an oratorio were already exhausted, and that a text of a romantic nature is better adapted for a great choral work, as allowing more scope for musical display. In form and style it is quite new, and was the first work of the kind produced (Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*, somewhat on the same plan, was written in 1830, but not performed till 1843), and the only one of the sort he has written. From my previous acquaintance with Schumann, who is undoubtedly the only one of the "hangers-on" to the new school at all gifted by nature as a composer, and from all I had heard said about him, I was led to expect something better. His work is a strange mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. A great part of it, especially the choruses, is really beautiful music and melo-



dious; but, at the same time, there is so much declamatory matter, entirely destitute of melody or rhythm, to say the least of it, terribly tedious to listen to, if not absolutely *ugly*, that one can scarcely believe the whole to have proceeded from the same hand, did not the unhappy termination to his career as a composer go somewhat to prove that, in his happier moments, he was not always perfectly sane. In the performance of the cantata, there was nothing to find fault with. It requires a host of solo singers. Besides solos from Mad. Goldschmidt and Herren Schneider and Mitterwurzer, we had others from Frl. M. Hartmann, of Düsseldorf, Frl. Pels-Leusden (alto)—who had an important part to sustain—Frl. Sausset (the last two pupils at the Rheinische Musikschule), and Herr Pütz, of the Kölner Männergesangsverein, and a Düsseldorf amateur. A most effective performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony, acting somewhat as a reviver to our wearied nerves, was a very agreeable termination to the evening's entertainment.

In the miscellaneous concert on the third day we had three overtures; viz., Weber's *Oberon*, Gade's *Im Hochland*, and Beethoven's *Leonora*; and a violin concerto by Rietz, the performance of which, by Concertmeister David, seemed better than the composition. Herr Schneider was much applauded in Mozart's "Dies Bildniß ist bezaubernd schön" (*Zauberflöte*), and in Spohr's "Der Kriegerlust ergeben" (*Jessonda*), Herr Mitterwurzer quite atoned for his unsatisfactory readings in *The Creation*. Herr Goldschmidt, who played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G, possesses great technical powers, plays correctly, but withal rather coldly. Madame J. Goldschmidt-Lind sang Mozart's "Deh vieni," Bellini's "Ma la sola rhimé!" and substituted for the mazurkas of Chopin, which stood in the programme, Mendelssohn's "Die Sterne schau'n in stiller Nacht." She can have no reason to complain of her reception. After each piece the applause was overwhelming, and at the conclusion she was literally buried in roses, which were showered upon her from all sides, and even through the roof of the building. There was a large assemblage of musical notabilities. Listz was present in all his glory, his hair reaching far below his shoulders, and looking more like a Nazarene than ever. His *entrée* into the music hall each day, as he stalked slowly up the middle of the room, raised a general titter, and elicited such expressions as "Is that a man or an ape?" "Is he mad?" etc.

The next Neiderrheinisches Musik-Fest will probably be held in Cologne, in September, 1856, to inaugurate the re-opening of the Gürzenich, which it is hoped will be completed by that time.

4th June, 1855.

C. A. BARRY.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN SWEDEN.

(From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.)

THE theatres of Sweden are principally the creation of King Gustavus III. It is true that, long before his time, plays used to be acted, by students belonging to the various educational institutions, as well as by foreign theatrical companies, and, also, by persons connected with the Court, but a national theatre, and, still less, a national dramatic literature did not exist in Sweden. As early as the fifteenth century, we now and then meet with a Swedish play. King Charles IX. had plays performed for his amusement by the students; comedies were acted by the students at Upsala, under the direction of the learned Messenius, who was professor there, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. We read of various amusements, more or less resembling plays, at the Court of Queen Christina, and likewise at that of Charles XI. In the beginning of Charles XII.'s reign, there was a French dramatic company, in which the king took a great interest. About the year 1730, through the exertions of Count C. G. Tessin, a theatre was built at Stockholm, and several others existed in Sweden at the same time. The present Theatre Royal, at Stockholm, was built by Gustavus III., and opened in 1782, by the performance of the opera; *Cora and Alonzo*, by Johann Gottlieb Naumann. The drama found other homes, among which were the so-called *Bolhuset*, near the royal palace, Stenborg's Theatre, near the Munkbron, and the *Grand*

*Dramatic House* (formerly the De La Gardi Palace) on the Charles XIII. Place. The last was burnt down in 1825.

Besides the Theatre Royal, there are, at present, two other theatres in Stockholm, open nearly all the year (from the beginning of August to the end of June) as well as two summer theatres. Of the winter theatres, the Theatre Royal, on the Gustavus Adolphus Place, is that in which operas, operettas, vaudevilles, and dramatic pieces are performed. There, too, are given the works of the greatest composers, such as all the operas of Mozart, Gluck, Dalayric, Méhul, Cherubini, Weber, Rossini, Auber, Boieldieu, Spontini, Donizetti, Bellini, Meyerbeer, etc.

The audience part of the house will contain about 1,200 persons. The chapel consists of twelve violins, four viols, four double-basses, and all the usual wind and other instruments, making a total of fifty. The lyrical and dramatic companies are composed of about forty members, and the choruses (male and female) of about the same number. The *corps de ballet* is about the same strength. When dramatic pieces are performed, solos are executed between the acts by the most celebrated solo-players.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

HANOVER.—(From a Correspondent.)—The season was brought to a close on the 31st ult., with Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, when the performance was for the benefit of the sufferers from the inundations of the Elbe, Herr Mitterwurzer, from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, appearing in the part of Tell. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was given by express command on the 28th ult., his Majesty's birthday, instead of Verdi's *Nabucodonosor*, previously announced. The theatre was brilliantly illuminated, in honour of the occasion, and his Majesty, accompanied by all the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, attended in state. The day before, a concert was given in the Palace of Herrenhausen, also in honour of the royal birthday. Among the pieces composing the programme were Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and the overture to *Oberon*. Herr Joachim came expressly from Düsseldorf to take part in the concert, and played a concerto by Spohr. The "Neue Liedertafel" and the "Union Liedertafel" also lent their assistance at the express command of his Majesty. In addition to several national songs, Mendelssohn's "Wald," and the "Haltet Frau Musica in Ehre," after Martin Luther, were performed.

ITALY.—At last, after three months' rehearsal, Meyerbeer's opera *Il Profeta* has been produced at La Scala at Milan, with complete success. Certain misgivings had been expressed about the quality of the music, as suited to the Italians, so much the more as its success at Florence, Turin, and Parma, was anything but satisfactory; but as we have already stated, the Italian element does not predominate at La Scala, so that the "*Tedeschi*" (that is, the Austrian powers and high functionaries with their hangers on), had it all their own way, and in consequence, the performance may be regarded as a triumph. One small drawback, however, modifies in some degree the satisfaction of those who admire the music of the great composer. The theatre is announced as *being about to close its doors*, which does not look as if "business" was *lucrative*, at least. The singing of the chief performer does not seem to have merited any particular mention, the whole strength of the management having been thrown into the *mis en scène*, which is said to be magnificent. The part of Fides was entrusted to Mad. Sanchioli, who first sang in London when Mr. Mitchell had the *opera buffa* in the Strand, and afterwards at Her Majesty's Theatre (in 1847). She sang the part with care, and was applauded; but her acting did not give equal satisfaction, except in the coronation scene, in which she was much praised. Mad. Gordosa was the Berta. Signor Dell'Armi was not equal to the part of the Prophet. On the whole, the singing may be said to have been of a second-rate character, and quite unworthy of a theatre like La Scala, whose glories seem to have departed, never to return—at least, under the present state of affairs.

At Genoa, Verdi's *I Due Foscari* has been given at the Teatro Paganini, with success—the tenor part of the hero by our old acquaintance, Signor Beaucarde, a great favourite, and the barytone king by Sig. Corsi, who has a fine voice and great facility of execution. On the 30th of May, a new ballet, *Zilmé*, by Sig. Tagioni, was produced at the San Carlo, Naples, and was received with considerable favour. The dancing of Mad. Boschetti captivated the public, and the decorations are said to be magnificent. At the Nuovo, a Mad. Amandi came out in the part of Linda, with doubtful results. The new opera by

Sig. Petrella, has been laid aside for the present, and another by Sig. Sorrento has been announced as in a forward state of preparation.

BERLIN.—At the Royal Operahouse, Mad. Köster took leave of the public, previous to her four months' *congé*, as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. The other characters were sustained by Mad. Herrenburg-Tuczeck, Herren Theodor Formes, Krause, and Salomon. Mdle. Tietjens, from Vienna, has made her *début* here as Donna Anna, in *Don Juan*, and been most favourably received. A performance of Haydn's *Seasons* has been given for the benefit of the sufferers from the inundations of the Weichsel. The executants were Mad. Herrenburg-Tuczeck, Herr Mantius, the members of Stern's Gesangverein and other *dilettanti*, under the direction of Herr Taubert.

KÖNIGSBERG.—The success of Herr Dorn's opera, *Die Niebelungen*, with Mdle. Johanna Wagner in the part of Brunhild, has been complete.

DARMSTADT.—The season was brought to a close with Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez*, Herr Tichatschek sustaining the principal part. Capellmeister Schindelmeyer has been appointed, by a decree of the Grand Duke of Hesse, *Hofcapellmeister*, with a retiring pension.

ROSTOCK.—The theatre closed for the season with Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

MÜNICH.—Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been produced as a melodrama, with comic songs and other pieces by Herr Poummer, instead of Wagner's music!

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Georg Müller, *Hofcapellmeister*, and the youngest of the Brothers Müller, of quartet celebrity, died on the 22nd ult. He is succeeded by Herr Franz Abt.

LEIPZIG.—The first performance of the new opera by Herr M. H. Hanser, *Der Erbe von Hohenegk*, (the book by Herr Edward Devrient), took place for the benefit of the theatrical fund. In spite of its great length—it lasted four hours—the opera was successful.

#### DRAMATIC.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The palmy days of French Plays seem to have quite gone by, and for this the English public must be held responsible, so that we must even be content with such small instalments as private speculators may condescend to give. Mr. Mitchell gave us the cream of French comedy, tragedy, and vaudeville, etc., etc., but he got tired of playing a losing game and relinquished the sceptre; last year M. Lafont tried his hand at the game of theatrical managership, and burned his fingers. About a month back the Gymnase appeared *en masse* at Drury Lane, to do honour to the Emperor's friendly visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, said they; to try and put money in their own pockets, say we; in which speculation they failed most egregiously. Can it be that London, where every man, woman, and child has some smattering of French, cannot support a good French theatre? We are inclined to the opinion, for with the sole exception of Mademoiselle Rachel, no French artist has ever repaid the treasury the money which he or she drew from it. As a reminiscence of former times, we were, therefore, glad to see M. Levassor on Wednesday week. It is true that his *répertoire* is not new, his jokes are about as old as the hills, and *toujours perdrix* is rather surfeiting; yet he raised a merry laugh at times, and we may venture to predict that his "Soirées et Matinées Récréatives et Comiques" will command a certain amount of public support; to those who have not seen Levassor, they will certainly afford much amusement. The new proverb, *A deux pas du bonheur*, is but a sorry specimen of a sorry class of drama, tedious at the best, and, in the present instance, positively tiresome. The splenetic Englishman of the French stage is here so manifestly overdone, the situation itself is so devoid of interest, that, what with it and the excessive heat of the weather, we were obliged to make frantic efforts to keep awake. The vaudeville, entitled *Le Bas Bleu*, was no improvement on the preceding, although M. Levassor, in the characters of a physician, a *rust* Norman, a female *esprit fort*, and a wild student, did his best to keep the audience alive. We may mention that Mdle. Teisseire, of the Gymnase, is a pretty and intelligent actress, and gives the true *cachet* to the songs entrusted to her. The vocal part of the entertainment was by far the best; M. Levassor was excellent in *Le Père Bonhomme*, and humorous and racy in *Les pirovettes d'un vieux danseur*, in which latter, the bodily debility of the *ci-devant* votary of Terpsichore is admirably contrasted with his recollections of

former times, with the will and the power. The house seemed pleased with M. Levassor and Mdle. Teisseire, and, considering that his dramatic corps is not extensive, we trust his receipts will suffice to pay himself and partner.

Since writing the above, the performances have been varied by several new vaudevilles and songs during the present week, in which M. Levassor has added the charm of novelty to two other attractions. We may also state that Mdle. Teisseire has not only maintained the favourable opinion we have already conceived of her, but has considerably risen in public estimation, and has become quite a favourite with the public. We see by the advertisements that to-day will be the last of the morning performances which will henceforth be confined to Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings.

DRURY LANE.—A ballet was produced on Friday week, under the direction of Madame Louise, entitled *Terpsichore*. The story is as follows:—The burgomaster of a canton in Switzerland, having issued a notice forbidding, under certain penalties, any dancing to take place in his district, the Goddess of Dance, to be revenged, makes her appearance among the village maidens, as one of themselves, and successfully urges them to revolt against this prohibition. In the midst of their gaiety, the burgomaster arrives, stops their enjoyment, and banishes Terpsichore from the canton. The fair goddess, however, exerts all her fascinations upon the old burgomaster, and in the end induces him to reverse his obnoxious decree and join in a general dance; having thus achieved her purpose Terpsichore disappears, and soon after is seen ascending to her abode among the stars. Mdle. Palmyra was a charming representative of Terpsichore; her pantomime was expressive, and the burgomaster would have been heartless indeed could he have resisted her *pas de fascination*. In a *pas de deux* with M. Friant—who, as well as performing the part of the old burgomaster in capital style, sustains that of a village youth, a devotee of Terpsichore, with excellent effect—Mdle. Palmyra brought all her powers into play, and in a step *à la Rosati* fairly took the audience by storm. Mdle. Paola plays the part of a village maiden "Qui aime la danse à la folle," and in a kind of Spanish figure as well as in a *pas de trois*, with Miss Smith and Miss Terèse, two improving young pupils of Madame Louise, proved herself no less an active than a graceful danseuse. The ballet was quite successful.

THE MISSES McALPINE'S CONCERT took place on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, before a crowded audience. These young vocalists seemed to be making progress in their profession, judging from the list of distinguished patrons whose names were placed at the head of their programme. The Misses McAlpine were assisted by Mad. Anna Thillon, Miss Messent, Mdle. Cora, the Misses McAlpine, Mr. Miranda, Mr. Tennant, and Sig. Ciabatti as vocalists; the instrumentalists were (piano) Mr. Prinley Richards, (harp) Mr. Frederick Chatterton, (violin) Herr Deichman, (trumpet) Mr. Distin, sen.; the conductors were Sig. Schira, Mr. Blagrove, and Herr W. Ganz. The Misses McAlpine were greatly applauded during the evening. They sang Mendelssohn's two part song, "I would that my love," some Scotch duets, which were encored, and a very pleasing and well-written Italian duet, "Sul sentier del piacer," composed expressly for them by Sig. Schira, which was also deservedly encored. In addition to which, Miss Margaret McAlpine sang a ballad, "Bird of the soaring wing," in a graceful manner. The most effective pieces introduced by the other artists were a Swiss air by Eckert, sung by Mad. Thillon and encored, a *fantasia* on the harp by Mr. Chatterton (encored), and a beautiful ballad by Mr. Howard Glover, "Love wakes and weeps," extremely well sung by Mr. Miranda, pupil of the composer. Mdle. Cora, a young and timid, but very prepossessing singer, created a very favourable impression in the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, she has a very sweet *mezzo-soprano* voice, and a little more experience will make her a valuable addition to the concert-room; she was encored, and repeated the air with increased effect. A transcription of the *finale* from *Lucia* (for violin) deserves mention from the excellence of its performance by Herr Deichmann, a young violinist of remarked promise.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ADAIGISA.**—Immediately—most fair impatient!

**VIOLIN (E).**—The pun is too bad for insertion, and yet not bad enough to be a good pun.

**HOMESPUN—INQUIRENDO.**—A VOICE FROM THE CHAPEL ROYAL—

**LYNX.**—The letters of our Correspondents cannot be inserted without the names and addresses of the writers. How often must we repeat that this is a rule from which we are resolved not to depart?

**MESSRS. HALE AND SON.**—(Cheltenham.)—What has been expunged from their letter would have constituted an advertisement. We are glad to be the medium of supplying our readers with information—but we cannot insert advertisements for nothing.

**ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.**—The tickets arrived too late. We cannot undertake to notice concerts unless the admissions are forwarded at least two days in advance.

**B. D. N.**—We do our utmost. We are not semaphore, nor electric. We are not a railway locomotive. Nor are we Eclipse—nor Velocipede—swift of foot, outrunning barbs and steeds. We are neither omniscient nor omnipresent. We are not Briareus; still less are we Argus. We would gladly be even Cerberus—or, modester still, the Siamese Twins. "B. D. N." himself—who complains we are less than The Times—might lend us some of his hands, or eyes, or ears. Are we, then, Midas?

**JOHN ANDERSON'S MY JOE** would do better to follow the example of Mr. G. F. Anderson, and put his name to his communication, or at least send his name and address, in confidence. "TRUTH" will inform him that we never give up the names of those who repose confidence in us. Unless we have some pledge of good faith, it cannot be supposed that we shall enter into private differences that do not concern us. If "JOHN ANDERSON'S MY JOE" will forward his name, his communication shall appear, but not otherwise.

**EUGENE.**—His verses on the Old Philharmonic, etc., are racy and famous; but if he wishes to see them in print, he must enclose his card.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1855.

WE believe that, at last, something is going to be done with the money obtained, through the agency of Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, some years ago, when, as simple Miss Lind, she sang in the oratorio of *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, in aid of what was then called "The Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund," but which has now no name at all.

It may or may not be remembered, that, just after the lamented death of Mendelssohn, a committee was formed, by some of his friends and admirers, for the express purpose of instituting some memorial, to stand as a perpetual record of the influence he had exercised upon the musical art in this country, and of the love and esteem he had universally won amongst us. The names of the gentlemen who undertook this worthy task were as follows:—Sir George Smart, Messrs. J. Benedict, H. F. Chorley, Charles Horsley, W. S. Bennett, J. W. Davison, J. Hullah, F. Buxton (proprietor of Mendelssohn's most important works), and C. Klingemann, the most intimate friend of the great composer, from his early youth to the day of his death. Meetings were held at Mr. Benedict's house; and the first steps agreed upon were to announce a grand performance of *Elijah*, at Exeter-hall, and to apply to Mdle. Lind for her services on the occasion. Mdle. Lind consented; the concert took place; and upwards of £1,100 (if we are not mistaken) was realised. A more auspicious beginning could not have been desired; and it might have been imagined that this would stimulate the gentlemen of

the committee to further exertion. Such, however, was not the case. After a great deal of discussion about what should be done with the £1,100, nothing was done. The money was locked up in a strong box! It was proposed to devote it towards the expenses of a scholarship, in the Leipsic Conservatory, which Mendelssohn founded. But the Leipsic people (those "Jesuits"—impregnated with Wagner and "the books!") were so dilatory and apathetic, that the idea was ultimately abandoned. The Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street was then thought of; but the equivocal position of that very imperfect seminary gave rise to considerable hesitation; and no more was said on the subject.

The "friends and admirers"—losing sight of the cause for which they had resolved themselves into a committee—then went to sleep, and forgot all about Mendelssohn, Jenny Lind, and the money. They should have sent the amount in hand to Dresden—since, as nothing was done, or seemed likely to be done, with it, the money virtually belonged to Mdle. Lind, who could have paid the other principal singers, and Mr. Benedict (the conductor), their terms, and kept the rest for herself, as her just due. We remember suggesting this, some years ago in a leading article.

Now, all of a sudden, however, we hear of a renewed proposition to the Royal Academy in Tenterden-street—which proposition the directors of that notable institution have graciously consented to entertain. They (the directors), out of pure respect for the memory of Mendelssohn, agree to take a "Mendelssohn scholar" into their care, and provide him with musical instruction for twenty guineas a-year. Such an end to a scheme which began so prosperously is little short of contemptible. So small a mouse never issued from the belly of so big a mountain. It was never intended that the exertions of the committee should terminate with the concert at Exeter Hall. The concert was to have been the preliminary step—nothing more. But it would appear that the "friends and admirers" became suddenly paralysed with the unexpected realisation of so large a sum as one thousand one hundred pounds, and stopped suddenly short in the matter, which has remained in *statu quo* up to the present time.

Poor Mendelssohn! How much more zealous and full of faith and energy was he, when he had in view an object worth pursuing. For example—the Conservatory at Leipsic, about which we have just received a communication from our correspondent in that very musical and mad emporium—which communication has chiefly induced us to return to a theme we had long given up as hopeless.

As our readers may possibly like to know something about the Leipsic Institution, we shall condense the letter of our correspondent into as brief a space as practicable.

To Bach and Mendelssohn Leipsic is indebted for the name, and standing it enjoys as a musical city. Had they not existed it is doubtful if the Saxon capital would ever have been recognised as anything more than a large bookshelf. To John Sebastian Bach it owes the famous *Gewandhaus* concerts; to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy its admirable "Conservatorium." Mendelssohn had long cherished the idea of establishing an Institution where young musicians might have the opportunity of acquiring a thorough education, in every branch of the art, at a moderate expense. In November, 1842, he wrote to one of his friends (M. Moscheles) as follows:—

"Now or never is the time when our plan of founding a Conservatory must be put into execution." To procure requisite funds, Mendelssohn consulted the (late) King of Saxony, who readily granted him every assistance in furthering his views. On the 16th of January, 1843, appeared a general prospectus of the academy; and the same year, on the 3rd of June, it was inaugurated, with great festivities. The undertaking answered so well, that in the first half-course, the number of pupils



amounted to 44—from England, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, and even America. Mendelssohn was not only founder of the Institution, but one of the most assiduous teachers, during his sojourn at Leipzig.

The only stipulation for a student, on entering, is, that he shall possess sufficient talent and general knowledge of music to enable him to play at least one instrument with some degree of skill. Only classical music is put into the hands of pupils, who thus become gradually acquainted with the works of the best composers. They are placed under the care of various masters, each professing different methods, which prevents them from being exclusively confined to one particular style of music, and teaches them to appreciate what is pure and beautiful in every school of art. There are departments open for piano, organ, violin, and violoncello, besides composition, fugue, harmony, etc. Students of singing receive instruction in Italian, and have also the opportunity of visiting other classes; so that any one who interests himself in general teaching has an excellent opportunity for acquiring experience. The professors for piano are Messrs. Moscheles, Plaidy, and Wenzel; for organ, Messrs. Richter and Papperitz; violin, Concertmeister David and M. Dreychock; violoncello, M. Grütz-macher; singing, Professor Götze. M. H. Brendel also lectures on the history and aesthetics of music. Composition, fugue, and harmony is taught by MM. Hauptmann, Rietz, Richter, and Papperitz. Public and private examinations are held twice a year "for the exhibition of the students," and besides these, there is every week an *Abendunterhaltung* (evening entertainment), which any one interested in the progress and welfare of the institution is at liberty to attend. At present there are in our academy four young Englishmen—Mr. W. H. Acraman of Hastings, Mr. R. Taplin of Tavistock, Mr. Smith of Dorchester, and Mr. C. Bowland of Manchester. They are all pianists. Messrs. Taplin and Bowland, however, study the organ as well. The Americans are more numerous; eight, I believe, in all. This year the number of pupils altogether is about one hundred and twenty—a proof that the Conservatory is in a flourishing condition, and that the efforts of its illustrious founder are being crowned with success. Thus much for the Conservatorium; now for the examinations.

The programme of the organ examination, which took place on the 24th of May, was as follows:—*Fantasia and Fugue in A minor*, composed by E. F. Richter, played by Mr. O. Lennius of Soran. *Sonata in G minor*, composed and performed by C. Fink of Würtemberg. *Motet* for female voices, with organ accompaniment, by Mendelssohn. *Fantasia and Fugue in G minor*, by J. S. Bach, performed by Arnold Kühne from Corbach. *Duet for soprano voices*, by Mendelssohn, sung by Mdlle. Koch and Lord. *Double Fugue*, by R. Schumann, on the name "Bach," executed by Herr R. Faltin of Dantzic. *Sonata*, by Mendelssohn (No. 4 in B flat major), performed by G. Zillinger from Holland. The whole concluded with an *Offertorium* for chorus, composed by Herr Hauptman, one of the chief professors. The compositions and performances of the pupils generally reflected great credit on themselves and the institution with which they are connected.

This year's *Haupt Prüfung* of the institution took place on the 7th of June, as usual, in the *Gewandhaus-Saale*, on which occasion a great number of patrons and friends of the pupils were present. The programme was interesting both as to variety and worth, embracing composition, solo singing, piano solo, quartet and orchestral playing. First Part.—*Symphony* (first movement), composed by Herr Singer, of Sora, and conducted by the same; first movement of Moscheles' *Concerto in E major*, performed by Herr Reberg, of Frankenhausen; Air from *Eljah*, sung by Mr. George W. Pratt, from Boston (America); *Adagio and Fugue* for violin (Bach), performed by Herr G. Zillinger, from Doesborgh in Holland; Cherubini's "Ave Maria," sung by Mdlle. Koch, of Bernburg; *Duo concertante*, for piano and violin, by Benedict and David, performed by the brothers L. and G. Brassin, of Leipzig. Second Part:—*Quartet*, for stringed instruments, composed by M. Cohn, from Königsberg (who died at the Academy last year), and played by three of the pupils, with Herr Grütz-macher, our professor; *Concerto* for piano, Mendelssohn (G minor), performed by Mdlle. Lord, from Altenberg; *Songs*, for soprano, with piano accompaniment, by Herr Von Wilm (MS.), sung by Mdlle. Koch; *Capriccio* for six (!) violins, with orchestral accompaniments, composed by Val. Herrman, and performed by six of the young aspirants. On the whole, the examination was highly satisfactory, the pupils being well prepared for the trial; and the visitors expressed their approbation in a very enthusiastic manner. May the institution go on and prosper—keeping its motto—perpetually in view.

Here are signs of life and no mistake—the working machinery in good order, marks of progress everywhere, and success springing from emulation, vigour and activity. If the

paltry sum of £1,100 with its accumulated 5 (or 3) per cent. is considered worthy of such a title as the "*Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund*" (!); if the plan of the friends and admirers" is regarded as *fully accomplished* by the realisation of such a sum in cash, we can only say we are sorry for the committee, who began by talking so much and ended by doing so little. It would be better to send the money to Leipzig, in aid of a "*Mendelssohn Scholarship*," in the Conservatory which Mendelssohn founded. The Royal Academy scheme is unmeaning; the tardy acquiescence of the directors a stupid farce. The favour they accord is no favour at all, and the Mendelssohn committee should decline to accept at their hands.

In the programme of the New Philharmonic Society's last concert we find, among other remarks in reference to M. Hector Berlioz, the following:—

To those desirous of becoming acquainted with the characteristic features of the 'New School of Music,' the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Childe Harold* cannot fail to be interesting. M. Berlioz, in France, and Herr Wagner, in Germany, are the acknowledged chiefs of the school; and, by a somewhat singular concatenation of circumstances, both being at the present time at the head of the Philharmonic Societies of London, the musical public is enabled to judge of and estimate the style of music of which these composers' works form a type.

Now this seems to us anything but kind of W. P.—who analyses the programmes at such length and with such zealous eloquence. Herr Wagner has made a signal failure in this country, as a composer and as a *chef d'orchestre*. M. Berlioz, on the contrary—in Exeter-Hall at any rate—has achieved as signal a triumph in both capacities. Without entering here into an examination of the individual and relative merits of the two, as inventors or makers of music—which, nevertheless, would form a highly interesting topic for discussion—we would call W. P.'s attention to the fact, that while Herr Wagner, whatever may be his general acquirements, is decidedly an unskilful conductor, (since he cannot marshal and control his orchestra), M. Berlioz is one of the best in Europe, the best, perhaps, since Mendelssohn, who, in this, as in every other manifestation of art-practice, excelled all his contemporaries as greatly as he excelled them all (even Herr Wagner) in genius and imagination.

Under these circumstances, the fact of placing M. Berlioz and Herr Wagner in juxtaposition, as "acknowledged chiefs" of a "new school"—about which W. P. would appear to entertain a somewhat vague idea—conveys a slight, rather than a compliment, to M. Berlioz, who, at least when conducting the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society, ought to be mentioned in the New Philharmonic programmes with respect, or not at all. If the managers of the Society have no very great opinion of M. Berlioz, either as composer or conductor, why did they engage him to direct two of the concerts at which it was agreed that a large quantity of his own music should be introduced?

Why, too, were not precautions taken, on an occasion so important, that there should be no falling off in the strength of the orchestra, which was so efficient all the season, up to the very moment of M. Berlioz's arrival, and then collapsed? The band ought rather to be reinforced than enfeebled when such music as the dramatic symphony of *Romeo and Juliet* is to be given. As it was, however, a great deal that should have been done was unavoidably omitted, and much of what remained (instance, the *scherzo* of *Queen Mab*) was sacrificed. Mr. Alfred Mellon had taken away many of the most prac-

tised players, "wind" and "string," to perform at the joint concert of Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper; and the substitutes for the most part (witness the horn, which has such difficult passages assigned to it in the *scherzo*) were anything but satisfactory. All the choral and solo vocal parts, too, were abandoned as impracticable. Where was the fine chorus that, in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, came out with such vigour, point, and freshness, under the *bâton* of Dr. Wylde?—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in which the voice-parts occasionally present difficulties almost insurmountable? "Echo" answers—like the Irishman—"Not at Exeter Hall." Why not at Exeter Hall? Echo (in the confidence of W. P. and the New Philharmonic Directors)—tongue-tied—gives no response.

All this looks very much like indifference towards M. Berlioz, who has, nevertheless, great claims to consideration from all who are interested in the welfare of the Society. Why invite him to conduct at all? Dr. Wylde got on famously, and every one was satisfied—even Professor Dreisterner Plauderein Praeger, of Hamm; even ourselves, so difficult to satisfy. Why then invite M. Berlioz, unless to be fêted and honoured, as he merits?

Happily, M. Berlioz is a vast favourite with the Exeter Hall public, and could not easily be swamped. He came and was received as before. He was not swamped, but achieved a new triumph. Yea—"by Abs and by Adnan!"—he roused up his hearers to enthusiasm, and their applause made the walls tremble!

ROBERT LINDLEY, the greatest English violoncellist that ever lived, is no more. He died on Wednesday evening, at his residence in Percy-street, after a brief but severe illness, at the advanced age of eighty-three. *Requiescat in pace!* His friend and desk-companion in our orchestras, for more than half a century, preceded him to the grave some years ago. Now they are both gone, and will speedily be forgotten—

— "like the poor player,  
Who frets and struts his hour upon the stage,  
And then is seen no more!"

Robert Lindley was born at Rotherham (Yorkshire), in 1772. When very young, his father gave him lessons on the violin. At nine, however, the young performer abandoned this instrument for the violoncello. When Lindley had attained his sixteenth year, the then celebrated Signor Cervetto heard him play, and was so charmed with the justness of his intonation and the fine quality of the tone which he brought from the instrument, that he received him as a pupil. After remaining some time attached to the orchestra of the Brighton Theatre, young Lindley was engaged to take the place of Sperati, in 1794, as principal violoncello at the King's Theatre. How many years he remained there, how he appeared as soloist and in the orchestra at all the great festivals, and how, to the very time of his quitting professional occupation, he retained his pre-eminence among violoncellists, is too well known to need recounting.

Lindley's life was calm, monotonous, and happy, without any incidents that could interest in the record. He died, as he had lived, in peace with all the world. The compositions he has left (concertos, trios, duets, solos, etc.), are very numerous; but they are all, and no doubt deservedly, forgotten. Lindley will be remembered, not as a composer, since his genius did not lie in that direction, but as one of the greatest performers the art has known upon one of the most beautiful and difficult of instruments.

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE last concert but one of the season took place on Monday evening, when Her Majesty, Prince Albert, two of the royal children, and a large suite, attended the performance. The room was not so full as is generally the case on the occasion of the royal visit, but more crowded than any other concert of the present season. The following was the programme approved of by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort:—

##### PART I.

Overture, "Chevy Chase" ... ..	Macfarren.
Air, "Jessonda" (Signor Belletti) ... ..	Spohr.
Symphony, "Jupiter" ... ..	Mozart.
Scena, "Oberon" (Mad. C. Novello) ... ..	Weber.
Overture, "Tannhäuser" ... ..	Wagner.

##### PART II.

Symphony, No. 8 ... ..	Beethoven.
Song, "Ave Maria" (Mad. C. Novello), Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Williams ... ..	Cherubini.
Duet (Mad. C. Novello and Signor Belletti) ... ..	Paer.
Overture, "Anacreon" ... ..	Cherubini.

Conductor, Herr Richard Wagner.

There were no encores; the Queen objects to encores. There were no "repeats" (except in the first movement of Mozart's symphony); the Queen objects to "repeats." There was no concerto, nor any solo; the Queen objects to concertos and solos. To the last objection the subscribers have some right to object themselves; but, being loyal subjects, they objected to object to that objection. They might also have objected to a repetition of *Tannhäuser*, which they had heard at a previous concert, but that it was sanctioned by the Prince Consort, who, at Herr Wagner's request, caused it to be substituted for a march from the same opera which had been announced. A second hearing of this "long-winded prelude" (*Athenæum*), although the execution was magnificent, rather lowered than raised it in the opinion of the subscribers, who might also have objected to Herr Wagner's fantastic, old-maidish, and ultra-sentimental reading of Mozart's superb symphony, which, to speak in metaphor, was almost killed by his caresses. Herr Wagner would not allow to a single melodious phrase its natural flow, or to a single vigorous *forte* its masculine and unimpeded force. The first *allegro* was murdered outright, with false accents, puling expression, and unmeaning retardations of the time; and the *andante* was made ridiculous; and the *minuetto* was almost as slow as a funeral march. In the glorious finale the orchestra took the matter in their own hands, and set all Herr Wagner's attempts at putting them back at defiance. They would not have it. "Not by no means." The "Future" was amazed; the "Books" were ignored. Where was the Hammish Aristarchus?

Beethoven's Symphony was better in every respect; and the horns in the trio were accompanied by a single violoncello (Mr. Lucas), as the composer intended, and not by all the violoncellos, as of late years, according to the "Book" of Michael. We agree with Michael, and think that Beethoven, for once in a way, made a miscalculation of effect. Mr. Macfarren's vigorous and splendid overture, composed eighteen years ago, for a musical drama at Drury Lane Theatre—which, though introduced by Mendelssohn at the Gewandhaus concerts (Leipzig), was never before performed by the London Philharmonic Society—was eminently successful. Herr Wagner took great pains with it. It was remarkably well executed, and (like the *allegretto* in Beethoven's symphony) was unanimously encored by the audience. "Etiquette," however, forbade.

The vocal music went well, and the overture to *Anacreon* dismissed the audience in sonorous and brilliant harmony.

MR. CHARLES BRAHAM, the tenor, son of the veteran Braham, has arrived in London. He has been performing in Italy for some time with great success, and on his route home visited Paris, where he sung at several *soirées*. His voice was greatly admired.

M. JULES DE GLIMES, the eminent conductor and professor of singing, has arrived from Brussels, to pass the remainder of the season in this huge metropolis.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE fifth concert, which took place on Wednesday night, was in aid of the funds of the German Hospital, Dalston. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.		
Overture ( <i>The Templar</i> )	-	H. Leslie.
Symphony (G minor)	-	Mozart.
Air ("Maometto II."), M. Gassier	-	Rossini.
Air, "Gli angeli," Madame Gassier	-	Mozart.
Concerto, pianoforte (B flat) Madame Oury	-	Beethoven.

PART II.		
Selection from <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	-	Berlioz.
Aria, "Io ti lascio," Miss Corelli	-	Mozart.
Valse, Madame Gassier	-	Venzano.
Overture ( <i>Die Zauberflöte</i> )	-	Mozart.

Conductor, M. Hector Berlioz.

M. Berlioz, who made his first appearance this season, is evidently an immense favourite with the Exeter-hall public. The extraordinary sensation he created, when conductor of the New Philharmonic Concerts in 1852, will not have been forgotten; and the flattering and genial reception accorded on Wednesday night to himself on entering the orchestra, and to his music at the end of each piece comprised in the selection, indicated a revival of the old enthusiasm. Something new from his pen (*L'Enfance de Christ*, for example, originally announced, though now abandoned) would have been welcome. Nevertheless, the movements from *Romeo and Juliet*, which pleased so much before, were likely to please again; and the managers can hardly be blamed for playing what they had every reason to believe was a winning card. The result proved the justness of their calculation. The *Fête of the Capulets*, one of the most extraordinary examples of sonorous and brilliant orchestral combination ever produced, was encored by the whole audience amid a tumult of applause. The long and strangely melodious *adagio*, representing the first interview in the garden between the pair of "star-crossed lovers"—strangely melodious, because while the melody is lovely, "streaming," and incessant, there is no absolute melodic rhythm, an anomaly for which it is not easy to account—was greeted with equal warmth; and the singularly fantastic *Queen Mab*, a *scherso* that bears little resemblance to anything else in music with which we are acquainted, completed the triumph of M. Berlioz, who was fairly overwhelmed with demonstrations of satisfaction. The "fête" and the "love scene" were splendidly performed; but *Queen Mab* presented a sad falling off from the prodigiously fine execution of 1852, which built up the reputation of the New Philharmonic band in a single night. This may be explained by the number of "deputies" who officiated in the orchestra, many of the best players being engaged, under Mr. Alfred Mellon, at the concert of Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, in St. Martin's Hall, others being in attendance on the Queen (!), and some at the concert of the Harmonic Union in the Hanover-square Rooms. The loss, however, though disastrous, was inevitable, since fiddlers cannot be expected to be ubiquitous. M. Berlioz and his fairy *scherso* were the sufferers; and it will be advisable to make amends on the next occasion. This can only be done by fixing the day of performance at once, and adhering to it—instead of changing the date, as in the present instance, which was the origin of so much inconvenience and confusion. Some choruses and other pieces from *Romeo and Juliet* were to have been given, but under the circumstances it was found impracticable.

Mozart's symphony in G minor was admirably played and keenly enjoyed. Of all instrumental compositions, this is, perhaps, the most passionately expressive, while, for purity of form and ceaseless flow of beautiful thoughts, it yields to nothing in music. Originally written for a small orchestra, with very few wind-instrument parts, this masterpiece suffered little or nothing from the defalcations which so seriously hurt M. Berlioz, whose general conception of the symphony, by the way, would have proved him, had proof been wanting, one of the greatest and most intelligent of conductors. Madame Oury's performance of Beethoven's grandest pianoforte concerto was ladylike, pretty, and capricious. She was much applauded.

English music is seemingly progressing. Our composers have obtained frequent hearings of late, more especially for their instrumental works, which no longer appear "like angels' visits." It is to be hoped that steady improvement may go hand in hand with increased opportunity. Mr. Leslie's clever overture to the *Templar*, which was described on a former occasion, was well played and well received. It improves on acquaintance; and the marked pains bestowed upon it by M. Berlioz warranted an assumption that the renowned foreign musician was well satisfied to conduct an English composition of such merit.

The vocal music, although badly accompanied, was in high favour. M. Gassier—one of the best barytone singers, and with one of the best voices, moreover, now in the market—gave Rossini's "Sorgete e in sì bel giorno" in a manly and vigorous style, and was loudly applauded. Madame Gassier, his *cara sposa*, who sang for the first time in Exeter Hall, created a "furor." She was encored in both her songs, the first of which—the trying and almost impossible aria of the "Queen of Night" (*Zauberflöte*)—gave evidence that her talent was capable of taking a higher flight than anything she had previously essayed in this country warranted us in believing. Those who knew Madame Gassier were well aware that she could take "F in *alt*" with ease; but it was for the performance on Wednesday night to demonstrate her power of making this gift amenable to the ends of "classical" music such as Mozart's. The other piece was the "valse" which Madame Gassier has rendered famous in the lesson-scene of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Miss Corelli, whom we do not remember before—a young lady with a beautiful and sympathetic voice—sang Mozart's exquisite *contralto* air, "L'Addio," with such genuine and unaffected sentiment, that late as it came in the evening, we could willingly have listened to it again. The concert terminated effectively with the glorious overture to *Die Zauberflöte*—another *chef-d'œuvre* of the master of masters, who had a "lion's share" in the entertainment, of which few, we think, would be likely to complain.

JETTY DE TREFFZ.—(From a Correspondent.)—This charming singer is becoming as popular in Paris as she was in London. She has been in the greatest request at our most distinguished *réunions*. The German *lieder* are quite the rage now. At a concert given by the President of the "Grand Cercle de l'Exposition," Mdle. Jetty Treffz introduced several of these little gems of Teutonic song, by Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Kücken, etc.—besides Meyerbeer's "Chant de Mai," which she sang in French, and Mozart's "Voi che sapete," in Italian, both to perfection. Thus did Jetty Treffz show your beloved and near allies the wonderful versatility of her talent, and her proficiency in divers languages. Mdle. de Treffz leaves to-day, for Vienna, to fulfil some engagements there. But she returns to Paris in August, once again to charm us. *Tant mieux.*

SIGNOR LUIGI NEGRI.—(From a Correspondent.)—It is with deep regret we have to record the death of this highly-talented professor, after a short illness, at the early age of forty-two. He was for twenty years a teacher at the Royal Academy of Music, and his loss will be severely felt both as an instructor and a friend.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—M. Costa has finished his oratorio, which will be positively produced at the next Birmingham Festival.

MDLLE. FANNY CORNET gave an evening concert at the Réunion des Arts, Harley-street, on Monday. She was assisted by Mdle. Bockholtz Falconi, Mdle. E. Krall, Mr. Schille, and Herr Reichardt, vocalists; Herr Adolphe Schloesser (pianoforte), Herr Ernst and Herr Deichman (violin), as instrumentalists. Mdle. Fanny Cornet sang an air from the *Domino Noir*, Kücken's *Lied*, "Die Botschaft," and joined Mdle. Bockholtz Falconi in one of Mendelssohn's two-part songs. Mdle. Krall was encored in a German *Lied* by Schubert, and Ernst had to repeat a solo on the violin. A song from Mr. Silas's *Amaranth*, "O speed away, ye songs of gladness," was introduced by Herr Reichardt with great success.



## THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE instructive and interesting concerts of the Musical Union—perhaps the best conducted institution for the performance of chamber music in Europe—are drawing to a close. The fifth meeting took place on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. The programme was admirable, and the executants were all artists of distinguished ability. The first piece was Mozart's superb quartet in C major (No. 6 of the set dedicated to Haydn), about the short introductory *adagio* of which so much nonsense has been written and talked—as if every rule of the musical grammar had been broken, while, in reality, there is nothing particular to remark in it, except its beauty and originality. Some pedantic Italian *maestro*, in criticising the six quartets, attempted to show that they were false and incorrect from beginning to end; but, though the pedantic Aristarchus and his literary and musical efforts have been justly consigned to oblivion, the quartets still live, and must live while music lasts—as models, perfect in form as ingenious in detail. The one in C, played on Tuesday, is the very finest of them all, and no doubt made Haydn somewhat jealous, enthusiastic as he was in his admiration of Mozart, and charmed as one of his far-sighted appreciation could not fail to be at the honour of having them dedicated to himself. The history of music, nevertheless, offers nothing more agreeable to contemplate than the mutual esteem which these two great musicians, who were rather friends than rivals, entertained for each other.

After the quartet, came the trio in B flat for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—one of those grand inspirations in which Beethoven showed that he could be as immense and richly varied in effect without an orchestra as with one. Those who are unacquainted with the music which Beethoven dedicated to the chamber scarcely know more than half the man and his works. This trio alone is a prodigy of genius. Every movement exhibits the largest proportions; and the invention seems as exhaustless as the writing is masterly. The *andante cantabile*, though simply an air with variations, is great even for Beethoven, who so wonderfully excelled in the composition of slow movements. Two exquisite fragments from unfinished ("posthumous") quartets by Mendelssohn—*andante* and *presto* in E and E minor, and *scherzo* in A minor—followed the trio, and satisfactorily proved that the juxtaposition of no music, however transcendent, can deprive the composer of *Elijah* of one atom of his geniality. Mendelssohn, like the great men that preceded him, had a strong partiality for chamber music, to the *répertoire* of which he added many of the choicest masterpieces the art possesses. The fragments introduced on Tuesday were too genuine and beautiful not to give rise to a deep feeling of regret that he did not live to complete the works of which they were intended to form parts.

The players in the quartets were Herr Ernst, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hill, and Sig. Piatti. More perfect execution has been rarely heard. Herr Ernst was in one of those happy moods when everything comes well to him. With Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn he was equally at home, equally incomparable. M. Hallé's magnificent tone and execution on the pianoforte, with the co-operation of two such masters as Ernst and Piatti, gave the fullest effect to the trio of Beethoven; yet we cannot but think the *andante cantabile* was too slow, and that the laboured expression occasionally given to the theme robbed it of that feeling of serene repose which is its grand characteristic. In the Mendelssohn fragments, while all four performers played finely, mention must be made of the simple and natural manner in which Mr. Hill gave the theme of the *andante sostenuto* on the viola. The *scherzo*—a racy bit of genuine "Mendelssohn"—was irreproachable. Herr Ernst's reading of this welcome movement (welcome because saved from the inexorable grasp of the four gentlemen at Leipzig, who seem to have adopted the resolution of burying the MSS. submitted to their examination with their own compositions, which the world could more easily spare) was quaint and "spirituel"—deliciously humorous, in short, while never far-fetched or extravagant.

The concert terminated with a selection of three of the well-known *Pensées Fugitives*—the joint composition of Herr Ernst and M. Stephen Heller—for violin and piano, which pleased the audience beyond measure. In these and in two pieces by Chopin—a *valse sentimentale* in A minor, and the "*Impromptu*" in A flat, so familiar to all pianists—M. Hallé was heard to equal advantage. A more attractive concert has seldom been provided for his patrons by the Director of the Musical Union.

**HARMONIC UNION.**—The Hanover Square Rooms were well filled on Wednesday last, the principal attractions being Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* and the *Eroica* symphony. The programme was select and sufficiently varied to satisfy all taste, and the execution under the experienced guidance of Herr Molique, met with unanimous approbation from an attentive and discriminating audience. The concert opened with Cherubini's overture to *Faniska*, which went admirably well; Madame Weiss sang Weber's air "Thou clouds by tempests" in a most satisfactory manner, and was accompanied on the violoncello by Herr Hausmann, in excellent style. Mr. W. Rea's fine performance of Mendelssohn's *Caprice Brilliant*, Op. 22, was a feature of itself, and met with well deserved applause. Mozart's duet, "Crudel, perché finora" was well executed by Mr. and Mrs. Weiss. We have seldom heard the *Eroica* better played, the ensemble was perfect, and Herr Molique held the orchestra under his control as if it had been one instrument. The *Ruins of Athens* commanded general attention, and was attentively heard throughout. The overture went to perfection, with one or two exceptions; the duet "Faustless, yet hated," was nicely rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Weiss; and the chorus of Dervishes was unanimously ecored, as was the succeeding Turkish March, which was played in the most spirited manner. This was certainly the best concert of the present season. At the next the direction promise Molique's mass in F for the first time in this country, together with a selection from Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas, by Mr. W. Rea, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

**HERR WILHELM GANZ'S CONCERT.**—A long list of rank and fashion was announced as patronizing the Morning Concert of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, the well-known professor and conductor, which took place on Thursday morning, at the Hanover-square Rooms. Many of the patrons attended, and the room was very full. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was assisted by the following artists:—Vocalists—Misses Messent, Lascelles, Fanny Cornet, Jenny Bauer, Mdme. Mortier de Fontaine, Herr Reichardt, Signor Lorenzo, and Mr. Alfred Pierre; instrumentalists—Herr Ernst, Messrs. Alfred and Henry Holmes (violin), M. Pague (violoncello), and Mr. Richard Blagrove (concertina). The noticeable points of the performance were Herr Ernst's splendid execution of one of his own compositions; "Fra poco," from *Lucia*, sung with chaste expression by Herr Reichardt; "Nobil Signor," from the *Huguenots*, in which the beautiful *contralto* voice of Miss Lascelles was heard to great advantage; and a *Duo Concertante*, by Alard, for violins, capitably played by the brothers Holmes. Mdme. Jenny Bauer also deserves praise for her singing in a *scena* from Flotow's *Stradella*; but why did she attempt Mdme. Gassier's "*Valse*," "Ah! che assorta"! Nor should M. Pague's violoncello solo be left unmentioned; nor Herr Wilhelm Ganz's performances on the pianoforte, which comprised Weber's "Concertstück," Schumann's "Caprice on Bohemian Airs," and Kullak's *morceau caractéristique*, "La Gazelle," nor other things which must, however, be passed over, but we have not room for all. Enough, the concert was a good one, and went off well. The conductors were Mr. Charles Blagrove, Herr A. Schloesser, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz.

**CROSBY HALL.**—An organ performance was given last evening, by Mr. T. C. Reynolds, organist of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, in aid of the funds of the Evening Classes for Young Men. The programme was divided into a "sacred" and "secular" part, the latter consisting principally of selections from the *Huguenots*.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE subscribers were well pleased at Mdle. Jenny Ney's restoration to health, since it brought them back *Il Trovatore* on Saturday; but they could have dispensed with Verdi on the following Tuesday, when they expected the *Huguenots*, the first performance (on Thursday) having been given on an "Extra Night." However, they were compelled to put up with *Il Trovatore* twice over, "*volens volens*." Verdi is a great name with the subscribers, but Meyerbeer's is a greater.

On Thursday the *Barbiere di Siviglia* and an act of *Norma* was given. A denser audience has rarely been seen at the Royal Italian Opera. No wonder—since the performance included the names of nearly every great artist in the establishment—with, one "grand" exception, Madame Bosio. It was a "Long Thursday," after the good old fashion of the Lumley dynasty at Her Majesty's Theatre, when the last *ballet*, or the last act of the last opera, was wont to commence about midnight. Operatic legitimatists fought hard against the system; but the public supported the manager. The "Long Thursdays" helped to sustain the fortunes of the house. Mr. Lumley discovered "Long Thursdays," and they paid. Why should not other managers follow his example? For our own parts we are *against* them. They detain us too late at the theatre, and they interfere with complete performances of great works. Moreover, we cannot understand why "non-subscribers" should have more for their money on Thursdays, than "subscribers" for theirs on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The performers on Thursday were Madame Grisi, Mdle. Marai, Signor Tamberlik, and M. Zelger (in the first act of *Norma*), Madame Viardot (Rosina), Mdle. Bellini (Marcellina), Signor Mario (Conte Almaviva), Signor Tamburini (Figaro), Signor Lablache (Doctor Bartolo), and Herr Formes (Basilio), in the *Barbiere*. Here was talent enough to attract half London. No fault could be found with the one act of *Norma*, except that it gave rise to universal regret that so transcendent a performance as that of Madame Grisi, so admirably aided by Signor Tamberlik as Pollio, should be arrested half way. In the *Barbiere*, on the other hand, while there was much to commend, there was as much to blame. With all our admiration for Madame Viardot, we cannot help thinking Madame Bosio (who played it last season) should have retained the part of Rosina. Madame Viardot is too great a singer and actress, not to impress her hearers in whatever she attempts; but her talent is more genial and genuine in tragedy than in comedy, and Rossini's Rosina is less suited to her than Meyerbeer's Fides, or Verdi's Azucena. Nevertheless, she exhibited a rare facility of execution, and was frequently applauded "to the echo." Her best effort was the *rondo finale* from *La Cenerentola*, which she introduced in the lesson-scene, in which she displayed remarkable fluency, and a most capricious application of ornament and *floriture*. Madame Viardot is also entitled to unqualified praise for her singing in the concerted music, more especially in the last movement of the first *finale*, which owed much of its effect to her.

Signor Mario's performance of Conte Almaviva was one of his finest, and, therefore, one of the finest ever seen and heard. He was in magnificent voice, and sang the famous "*Ecco ridente*" with so much warmth and sentiment, as to bring down a unanimous encore. He was *compelled* to repeat the last movement, which he did, however, with a good grace. His acting was as graceful and animated as ever. Signor Mario, in short, is the *beau idéal* of the Count Almaviva of Beaumarchais, no less than that of Rossini.

Signor Tamburini—whose "*Barbiere*" was once a model—would have succeeded better in Figaro, if he could have sung the music, which, unfortunately, is too much for him now. His acting, however, was full of life and *esprit*, and certainly a more bustling, mercurial, and vivacious barber never was seen. Signor Tamburini has evidently taken his idea of the character from the "*Largo al factotum*," and fulfils the "*Figaro quâ, Figaro là, Figaro sù, Figaro giù*," to the life. Had Sir Boyle Roche seen him in the part, he might, with some approach to propriety, have declared that "he possessed ubiquity, like the

birds." Signor Tamburini's Figaro is worth seeing, were it only to contrast it with Signor Ronconi's, with which it has nothing in common.

Signor Lablache's Bartolo is as magnificent and unctuously fat as ever. We cannot, however, applaud him for placing his hand on the mouth of Basilio during that splendidly musical and dramatic *aria*, "*La Calunnia*." His song and dance, however, in the lesson scene, and his rush to save his broken crockery and china from the mischievous carelessness of Figaro, made us forget even everything but his inimitable humour.

Herr Formes both sang and acted in Basilio admirably. His "*La Calunnia*" was a master-piece.

Mdle. Bellini was excellent in the old woman; and Soldi as amazing as ever in Fiorello, the Captain of the Guards. The audience, less critical than ourselves, experienced unqualified delight from the beginning to the end of the opera, which, no doubt, will be repeated.

CONCERT OF MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.—The entertainment given by the above-named distinguished professors at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday evening, was not misnamed in the bills, "*Annual Grand Concert*." An admirable and efficient body of instrumentalists—nearly all members of the Orchestral Union—were engaged, with Mr. Alfred Mellon as conductor; while the array of vocalists was equally imposing. Among the last-named were Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, Miss Dolby, Miss Amy Dolby, Mdle. Jenny Ney, and Mad. Rudersdorf. The band performed Beethoven's Overture to *Coriolanus*, Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*, the new overture called *Héloïse*, by Mr. Alfred Mellon, and accompanied Mr. Lindsay Sloper in Mozart's magnificent Pianoforte Concerto in D minor. All were well played. The concerto, executed with the utmost finish and classical feeling by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, was received with the greatest applause. Mr. Alfred Mellon's overture was also very much admired. Among the vocal pieces, a new and extremely clever song, by Mr. Sloper, called "*The Rover's Adieu*," finely sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was remarkably successful. It was encored unanimously. Miss Dolby gave Mercadante's recitative and air, "*A te riede*," in first-rate style, and, as usual, enchanted her audience with a couple of pretty ballads. Her choice on this occasion fell on Mr. Duggan's "*Old memories*" and "*Wild bells*," both of which are graceful. Miss Dolby sang them to perfection, and was compelled to repeat the last. Miss Amy Dolby, too, in an air by Coppola, and a ballad called "*Patrick and Ellen*," came in for her share of the applause, and gave further evidence of improvement. One of the most splendid vocal displays we have heard for some time was made by Mdle. Jenny Ney in the grand air, "*Die stille Nacht*" ("*Si lo sento*"), from Spohr's *Faust*. Madame Rudersdorf took remarkable pains with "*Non mi dir*," and sang it better than we have yet heard her; but it was unfair to place this almost immediately after the other lengthy and elaborate song, with recitative, slow movement and *allegro*. Signor Belletti, who appeared twice, was very successful in Benedict's "*Rage, thou angry storm*," which he sang in Italian. Besides Spohr's *aria*, Mdle. Ney introduced two *Lieder* by Mendelssohn and Abt, the last and much the least of which she was called upon to repeat. Herr Abt is a sickly off-shoot from Herr Proch, who is a sickly off-shoot from Herr Lachner, who is — &c. One of the prettiest things in the concert was Mendelssohn's two-part song "*Ich stand gelehnet an der Mast*," to which Madame Rudersdorf and Miss Dolby rendered every justice. M. Sainton's very clever *fantasia* for violin with orchestral accompaniments on airs from *Rigoletto*, admirably played by himself, constituted an agreeable set-off to so much vocal music. Mr. Benedict presided at the pianoforte. The concert, by the way, was a great deal too long, although almost unexceptionably good.

MDLE. HERMANN'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE came off on Monday at the *Réunion des Arts*, Harley-street. The fair vocalist and pianist was assisted by Mdle. Sedlatzek, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Cleveland as singers, and Herren Deichmann and Ries (violin), Mr. Grattan (viola), and Herr Hildebrand Romberg (violoncello), as instrumentalists. Mdle. Hermann's share of



the vocal programme consisted of Schumann's *Lied*, "Widmung," Schubert's song "Ungeduld," besides a part in a trio and three quartets. Her pianoforte performance included a sonata *concertante*, for piano and violoncello, with Herr Romberg, and a quartet, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, with Herr Ries, Mr. Grattann, and Herr Romberg. Mdlle. Herrmann both sings and plays like an artist. The double talent of instrumentalist and vocalist is rarely found in one individual, and is to be prized accordingly. Herr Reichardt, whose name appears in almost every concert of note, sang with the best effect, a new song "I arise from dreams of thee," and another song with the title of "Ade," by Esser. Mr. Grattann was the conductor.

MR. BENSON'S ANNUAL CONCERT took place at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street, on Monday evening, the 4th instant. The vocalists were Misses Birch, Poole, Milner, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Francis, Benson, Land, and Lawler; instrumental performers, Mr. Lindsay Sloper (pianoforte), Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), Mr. Dando (viola), and Mr. Lucas (violoncello). The concert differed from the usual miscellaneous entertainments in vogue. No small share of the programme was assigned to glees and madrigals, and a selection from the works of Sir Henry Bishop was given. The instrumental pieces were Mozart's Quartet (G minor), for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello—a masterly performance at the hands of Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Cooper, Dando, and Lucas; Sainton's violin fantasia on *Lucresia Borgia*—brilliantly executed by Mr. H. C. Cooper; and a pianoforte solo from *Le Prophète*, played with great finish and refinement of style by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. One of the most agreeable performances of the evening was Mendelssohn's quartet, "The Nightingale," sang to perfection by Miss Milner, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Lawler and Benson. Mr. Lindsay Sloper presided at the pianoforte.

M. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL'S MATINEE MUSICALE took place at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, by permission of Lord Ward, on Wednesday last. As usual, M. Blumenthal's list of *patronesses* included many of the names of our highest aristocracy, and, as usual, M. Blumenthal's *Matinée* was attended by his patronesses, "en personne," as well as by a host of the fashionable world, with whom M. Blumenthal is an especial favourite, as he no doubt deserves to be. His pianoforte playing is of that delicate kind which is exactly to the taste of those who (like the *lionsnes* that took lessons from the late M. Chopin) are "sick with excess of pleasure." The performances of M. Blumenthal included his well-known "Deux Angles" (*morceau caractéristique*), "Reve" (*caprice*), and a *Chanson Napolitaine*, entitled "La Luvisella," besides three new compositions—"La Caressante"—a sparkling *caprice*, a *nocturne*, called "Les Regrets," which had the effect of putting the fairer part of the audience into quite a sentimental mood, and a spirited *Mazurka*, which effectually roused them out of it. M. Blumenthal's charming romance, "Rappelle toi," admirably sung by Signor Marras, pleased unanimously. Signor Marras also introduced several compositions of his own. The vocal honours of the *matinée*, however, fell to the lot of Madame Gassier, who, both in the *finale* from *La Sonnambula* and the very popular "valse" (from the lesson scene in *Il Barbiere*), fairly lifted the audience into something like life, and created a wonderful sensation, the rigid demeanor and almost lifeless apathy of the audience taken into consideration. Madame Gassier also gave, with Signor Gassier, one of her natural Spanish duets, which always charm, from her quaint and characteristic way of singing them. M. Levassor created a vast deal of amusement by his admirable comic singing in *Le Voyage d'Érien* (Nadaud), *Adelaide*, ou les couplets de l'été, a *chansonnette* called "Le père Bonhomme," and in the inimitable parody on *Robert le Diable*. Signor Vera presided at the pianoforte with ability.

MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT took place on Friday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, and attracted a large audience which filled every part of the room, including the orchestral seats. The programme was of the "ad captandum" character, intended to amuse amateurs rather than conciliate lovers of serious music. They cannot be blamed. The taste of their patrons must necessarily be consulted; and no doubt Miss Messent and Mr. Brinley Richards knew what their

visitors would like and what they would not. One piece, however—although very "popular," was at the same time classical. This was Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," for the pianoforte, which was admirably played by Mr. Brinley Richards, as well as one of the *Lieder ohne Worte* from Book 5. Mr. Richards also introduced his fantasia on the national airs of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, and a new fantasia on *Il Trovatore*, which were greatly admired and applauded. The vocalists were Misses Messent, Dolby, M'Alpine, M. M'Alpine, Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Herr Reichardt; the other instrumentalists, Signor Bottesini (contra-basso), Herr Carl Deichmann (violin), and Mr. John Thomas (harp). Miss Messent sang "Quando quel uom," a ballad called "Laurette," and a new song by Mr. Frank Mori, "Mind you that," and, with Miss Dolby, a new duet by Mr. Brinley Richards, "Two wandering stars." Miss Messent is always happy in her ballad-singing, in which she has few superiors; but, on the present occasion, the Italian *aria* was perhaps her best attempt. It was an expressive and skilful display. Mr. Frank Mori's "Mind you that" is good music thrown away on bad words. What the "poet" means by the opening lines, perhaps Mr. Mori can inform us:—

"Should you love me dearly,  
Never breathe it out:  
Though he was sincerely,  
Keep him still in doubt."

The other points of the concert were a sacred song by Mr. Brinley Richards, "Sweet spirit, comfort me," finely given by Miss Dolby; the *romanza*, "In terra solo," sung with great refined sentiment by Herr Reichardt; and two solos by Signor Bottesini, both executed in his usual marvellous style. Madame Clara Novello sang Haydn's "Recollections" and a new song by Desanges, "Il Tricolor d'Italia," and joined Mr. Frank Bodda in "La ci darem." Mr. Frank Mori and Herr Ganz were the conductors.

MISS MANNING'S CONCERT.—This entertainment—given on Thursday evening, the 31st ult.—was pleasing and well varied. The singers were, besides the *beneficiaire*, Miss Manning, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Miss Mary Huddart; Herr Reichardt, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. Frank Bodda. The instrumentalist portion was assigned to Herr Pauer, who played two pieces on the pianoforte—Mendelssohn's *Caprice in A Minor*, and his own well-known "La Cascade"—in both of which he was encored. Miss Manning has a good voice, and sings with taste. She was encored in Ricci's "Ah! già soffro," and Osborne's pretty ballad, "I wandered by the brook-side." Mad. Clara Novello, in "Deh vieni," was complimented in the same manner. Herr Reichardt was greatly applauded for his artistic reading of Donizetti's "In terra solo." Another encore was awarded to Miss Manning, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. Frank Bodda, in Bishop's fine glee, "Where art thou, beam of light!" The same composer's "Blow, gentle gale," and Festa's madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," were also well sung. Signor Piloti presided at the piano.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—A concert was given in the above rooms, on Thursday evening, on behalf of the Goldsmiths' Benevolent Institution. A quantity of part-songs, glees, madrigals, etc., were sung by Messrs. Francis, Benson, Land, Lawler, Cooke, and Miss Heywood; and Mdme. Anna Thillon sang two of her popular songs and a new ballad. Mr. J. L. Hatton sang "Le Savoyard" and a comic song. Between the parts, Master James Lea Summers, a blind pupil of Mrs. Thompson (Miss Kate Loder), played Döhler's Fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*, and displayed considerable talent.

WAGNER'S TANNHAUSER.—This strange opera has been performed at the following places:—Ausburg, Ballenstädt, Bonn, Bremen, Breslau, Coburg, Carlsruhe, Cassel, Coblenz, Köln, Danzig, Dresden, Darmstadt, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Gotha, Gratz, Hamburg, Hanover, Königsberg, Leipsic, Mayence, Magdeburg, Mannheim, Münster, Posen, Prague, Revel, Riga, Rostock, Schwerin, Stettin, Weimar, Wiesbaden, Würzburg, Zürich. Berlin and Munich have procured the score, but have not yet performed the opera.—[Query about Berlin.—Ed.]



## PROVINCIAL.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—(From our own Correspondent.)—For some months prior to our great Triennial Festivals, matters musical are always very quiet here; now and then only do we get a little music in the town apart from the gin-palace or saloon. We have lately had one or two agreeable musical evenings, at one of which we were favoured with a passing visit from Beale's tourists, including those unrivalled artists Alboni and Ernst. The concert took place in our theatre, and was eminently successful. Alboni, after so long an absence, was welcomed most cordially, and sang more wonderfully than ever, "with an increase of delicacy and refinement of style which places her beyond rivalry"; Mdle. Jenny Bauer was also well received. The other vocalists were Signor Lorenzo, Mr. Land, and Mr. J. L. Hutton. Ernst, the poet of the violin, was greeted with overwhelming applause, thus proving that our commercial pursuits have not quite destroyed the taste for music of the most classical description. On Wednesday, the 30th ult., Alboni visited us again, and appeared in the opera of *La Sonnambula*; Signors Lorenzo and Susini, Mdle. Jenny Bauer, Mr. Land, and Herr Ernst accompanied her. The opera was enthusiastically received throughout.

The Musical Festival will be held, as usual in the Town Hall. The hall is at present undergoing several improvements in the way of decoration and illumination. On the ceiling will be a brilliant display of gorgeous colouring intermixed with fine arabesques. The walls above the galleries will be in imitation of Sienna marble, the capitals of the pilasters and the mouldings of the cornice and ceiling being emblazoned with rich gilding. As regards the illumination of the hall, the brackets at the sides are to be removed, and in the ceiling, which is divided into three compartments, sun-lights will be introduced,—one in the centre of each compartment,—the three lights being composed of 400 fish-tail burners, underneath which will be suspended splendid glass dishes, of a prismatic character, to produce the pure sunlight, while they will serve at the same time to reflect the varied and gorgeous colourings around and beneath. The reflectors are seven feet in diameter, and are similar to those which are making for the new music-room, Buckingham Palace. Ventilation is provided for by an external cone in the roof, faced with perforated ironwork. Among the works announced are Mozart's *Requiem* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*.

Opera, especially Italian, is rare in Birmingham. This is much to be lamented, and moreover, a matter of surprise, since opera nights are generally successful here. At our theatre, a brilliant house assembled on Wednesday, the 30th ult., to witness Alboni's impersonation of Amina in *La Sonnambula*. The *Musical World* already knows how she delineates the character, and interprets the music. Suffice it, that from first to last, although the most brilliant parts of the music were necessarily transposed, it was a glorious performance. Signor Salvi's Elvino was an admirable performance. Signor Lorenzo personated the Count, Miss F. Cruise, Liza, and Miss J. Cruise, Teresa. The choral department was lamentably defective. Indeed in provincial theatres it is rarely otherwise. On the other hand, the orchestra, though much too small, worked efficiently under the leadership of our clever young townsman, Mr. J. J. White. The opera was preceded by a scene from *Lucia*, introducing Mdle. Jenny Bauer, Signori Lorenzo and Susini.

After this Ernst played his divine *Elégie*, and was encored, of course; to which compliment he responded with his well-known *Carnaval*. The great violinist, and the incomparable Alboni, fairly divided the honours of the evening.

**LIVERPOOL.**—An extra concert was given at the Philharmonic-hall before a fashionable audience, the artists being Mdle. Alboni (her second appearance this season), Mdle. Jenny Bauer, Signor Lorenzo, Herr Ernst (violin), and Signor Li Calsi (pianist). The attraction of the concert was of course the inimitable *contralto-soprano* Alboni, who sang with all her wonted sweetness, delicacy, brilliancy, and power, and created the heartiest and most unanimous enthusiasm in both her solos—the famous "Rhode's Variations," usually introduced into

*Il Barbiere*, and the never-tiring "Il Segreto," from *Lucrezia Borgia*. It is difficult to say with which the audience were most pleased. In the former, the matchless vocalist warbled with all the ease and volubility of a nightingale, and displayed a brilliancy and facility of execution truly wonderful, and which contrasted most effectively with her rich mellow *contralto* tones in Donizetti's popular *Brindisi*. To hear Alboni dash off this entraining air, it seems scarcely credible that any one could sing it without being encored; yet we have heard it at Covent-garden go without a hand, while Alboni has frequently been obliged to sing it three times in succession. So perfect a union of the *soprano* and *contralto* voices as Alboni is blessed with, never existed before in any other singer; and though she may have somewhat weakened her lower notes by her devotion to *soprano* music, she is still the most charming vocalist on the Italian stage. Herr Ernst, the other grand attraction, received a welcome nothing inferior in warmth to that which greeted Alboni. He played his *Elégie* and *Fantasia* on themes from *Il Pirata*, with that poetical and intellectual fervour and perfect mastery over the mechanism of his instrument, which never fails to arouse the enthusiasm of amateurs and the most critical musicians. His performances were in his best style, and were loudly encored. The other vocalists, Mdle. Bauer and Signor Lorenzo, were new to Liverpool. The former has a showy and flexible *soprano*, the latter a good baritone. Signor Li Calsi, in the celebrated Kreutzer sonata with Ernst, performed with a zeal which added to the effect.

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A PLEASANT little operetta, in one act, called *Les Compagnons de la Marjolaine*, has been this week produced with success at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The libretto is from the pen of MM. Michel Carré and Jules Verne, the music composed by M. Aristide Hignard, author of another one-act operetta produced last year at the same theatre, under the title of *Colin-Maillard*. M. Hignard is a very young man, gifted with considerable musical capability. He writes correctly, and his instrumentation is spirited, elegant, and simple; effective without noise, and well-studied without smelling too much of the lamp. *Les Compagnons de la Marjolaine* are a set of roysterers, of mad wags, who love to hear the chimés at midnight, performing the same pranks as did the Hectors, Scourers, and Mohawks of the seventeenth century, frightening all honest citizens, and breaking not a few bones in their moon-light gambols. They arrive at a village on the banks of the Isère. Simplicio, simple as his name, is alarmed beyond measure, and would hide himself in a cockloft, but, encouraged by the example, and urged on by the flashing eyes of Marceline, he takes courage, boldly faces the *compagnons*, and deals such lusty blows with an oar, that they speedily sue for mercy, and offer to make him one of themselves. Marceline is delighted at his prowess, and rewards his courage by bestowing her hand on him. The music is replete with melody, and many of the songs met with great and deserved favour. MM. Achard, Cabel, Marchot, Mad. Vadé, and Mdle. Girard filled the principal parts, and were much applauded.

The same idea, that of a weak male and a strong-minded female, has furnished M. Léon Battu with the subject for *Jacqueline*, the music whereof is composed by a distinguished amateur, M. d'Osmond. This opera was first produced some two months ago, at the Italiens, for the benefit of the poor, and on Friday last, by imperial order, it was placed on the stage of the Opéra-Comique. The Emperor and Empress honoured with their presence the second representation of this work, the music whereof constitutes the *début* of a man of the world, whose position in society and large fortune allow him to cultivate the arts as an amateur.

Corporal Gervais, ordered on active service, is compelled to separate from the woman he adores, and who is about to present him with a pledge of her affection. The Corporal longs for a son who may worthily march in his father's footsteps. Fortune sends a daughter, and the mother and her friends are

afraid to write and inform the Corporal of a result which he will know too well on his return. Time passes on, and little Jacqueline grows apace. Polycarpe also, the son of a neighbour, is of the same age, but pale, weak, and chicken-hearted, while Jacqueline is fresh as a rose, straight as an arrow, and brave as Boadicea. Gervais returns. "Where is my son?" is his first demand. The mother knows not how to reply, so she presents the first boy she can lay her hands on, which is no other than Polycarpe. "What's this?" says the Corporal. "This chap, afraid of his shadow, can never be my son. He has been changed at nurse—away with him, I'll none of him." Jacqueline then advances, tall and erect, with good military bearing, and a charming salute. She can manage a musket, carry arms, present arms, and order arms as well as the best of them. She wins the corporal's heart at once, he forgets his disappointment and is charmed with his offspring. The plot is slight and flimsy enough, but the dialogue is pleasantly written, and the music characteristic, lively, and gay. Mdlle. Lefebvre is a charming Jacqueline and the other parts are well filled by MM. Bussine, Sainte-Foy, Nathan, and Mdlle. Félix.

Alboni is engaged at the Opéra, and will appear as Fides (in the *Prophète*) towards the end of the month. Mdlle. Stoltz has accepted an offer from Rio Janeiro, on terms which are almost fabulous; being no less than 400,000 francs (£16,000) a-year, with house, carriage, and all expenses paid. The managers who have engaged her also offered enormous terms to Mdlle. Cabel, but fortunately they could not induce her to quit the Boulevards, where she reigns supreme.

The first of the weekly series of balls and concerts at the *Jardin d'Hiver* took place last Wednesday. It is intended that they shall be continued on each succeeding Wednesday during the Exhibition, Musard conducting the orchestra, and Cellarius acting as chief *maitre de danse*. The entrance is ten francs—an enormous sum—and, in addition to the conservatory, an open-air garden has been prepared, in which it is intended to dance *à la Mabilles* when the weather permits. Never was there a more unfortunate commencement of an undertaking than that of Wednesday. The rain descended in torrents, and it is many years since such a night has been known in Paris. The garden *à fresco* was therefore deserted, and, as no sufficient preparations had been made for ventilating the large glass-roofed conservatory, it soon became literally a *hot-house*, and the gentlemen were obliged to break the glass in order to get a modicum of fresh air, and revive their fainting partners. Great complaints also were deservedly made as regards the refreshments, and the "Vestibule" was a mass of unorganised confusion, there being the greatest difficulty in finding any garment or hat that had there been deposited. If these balls are to be continued, the arrangements must be much improved, and the price of admission considerably diminished.

There has not been for many years a more decided or a more legitimate sensation produced in the dramatic world of Paris, than has been caused by the Piedmontese *troupe*, and especially by that great artist who is at their head, Mad. Ristori. The Marquise del Grillo Capranica plays under her maiden name, and, with the exception of Rachel—if indeed there be necessity to make even that exception—is the greatest tragic actress of the age. She possesses the utmost command over the passions and feelings of her audience, and is endowed with that accent which, coming straight from her own heart, appeals at once to those of her hearers. Her voice is clear, sweet, and well-toned; her carriage noble and dignified; her gesture easy, graceful, and free from mannerism, never falling into tameness on the one hand, nor excess on the other. Her expression is full of life and animation, her eyes of remarkable beauty, now swimming in languishing longing, then flashing looks of fire, and anon raised to heaven in devotional ecstacy, or dreamy aspiration. Her most successful parts have been in the *Francesca da Rimini* of Silvio Pellico, and the *Mirra* of Alfieri. In the latter part she has produced an extraordinary sensation, and has even caused Rachel to return to that Théâtre-Français which—to the grief of every lover of the drama—she declared she had quitted for ever. On the vigil of Corneille's birthday, Rachel sat at the Théâtre des Italiens, witnessing Mad. Ristori's performance of

Mirra for the first time. Thunders of applause echoed through the house, and the audience was worked by the artist's skill to a pitch of enthusiasm seldom seen in Paris. "And I, too, was an Arcadian," thought Rachel; "and I, too, have the same command over the passions and feelings of mankind, can awe them with terror, or melt them with pity." She remembered the opportunity which the morrow would present, and at nine in the evening, from her box at the Italiens, she wrote, consenting to appear next day in *Les Horaces* of Corneille. The effect of the announcement was quite extraordinary, and fifty Théâtres-Français would never have held the crowd desirous of obtaining admission. The Emperor and Empress, the King of Portugal, and his brother, and every literary celebrity in Paris, were present on the occasion. M. Arsène Houssaye sent Mdlle. Ristori a box in his own name and in that of the Comédie-Français, and she was among the loudest in applauding that marvellous representation, which must for ever connect the name of Camille with that of Rachel. Rachel never was greater, never more earnest, passionate or inspired, and after the scene in the fourth act she was called for again and again, and well nigh buried under the floral favours which were showered from all parts of the house.

An English company have taken the Italiens on the off-nights, when the Piedmontese company do not perform: they open to-morrow with *Macbeth* and a pantomime, and next week I will send you an account of their performance.

Jenny Bell holds a triumphant course at the Opéra-Comique. Scribe has made a slight alteration in the libretto; for, consummate composer of a plot as he is, he can take council from others and amend when he sees occasion. The public thought the Duke of Greenwich was unnaturally long in having his eyes opened to his son's passion for the fair Jenny, and Scribe has accordingly, by a few skilful touches, amended his plot, and remedied the objectionable portion without meddling with a note of the music. The piece is pretty sure of following in the same course of good fortune which fell to the lot of *L'Etoile du Nord*.

#### LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

(From a Private Letter).

PARIS.—Verdi's new grand opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, was produced on Wednesday night, at the Imperial Opera. Opinions are divided as to the merits of the music, but decided as to the badness of the *libretto* (by Scribe). Everyone is in raptures with Sophie Cruvelli—Verdi above all.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL—(Voice, Contralto), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina. 151a, Oxford-street. Where their Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had for the above instruments.

MR. SIMS REEVES begs respectfully to announce that his BENEFIT and Last Appearance at the THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET will take place on SATURDAY Evening next, June 28th, on which occasion will be presented HENRY SMART'S highly successful opera of *BERTA*; to be followed by a favourite farce in which MR. BUCKSTONE will appear; to conclude with the last act of *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*. Tickets and Private Boxes to be had of Mr. SIMS REEVES, 123, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, or at the Box-office.

#### MUSICAL UNION.—DIRECTORS' MATINEE.—

Tuesday next, June 10th, three o'clock. Doors open at half-past two. Willis's Rooms. Quartet in D, 63. Haydn; Quintet, E flat Minor, Piano, &c., Hummel; Vocal Music: Solo, Violoncello, Flauto, Kreutzer; Sonata, Violin and Piano, Beethoven; Vocal Music: Solo, Contra-Basso, Bottesini; etc., etc. Artists: Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Piatini, and Bottesini. Pianist—Hallé, etc., etc. Tickets to be had of Cramer and Co.; Chappell and Ollivier, Bond-street. Extra seats will be provided for Visitors, and all free admissions for Artists suspended.

J. ELLA, Director.

#### THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.—Conductor, Mr.

FRANK MORI; Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barrett, Lazarus, Baumann, Clinton, Lovell Phillips, Prosperi, Mount, Mann, Gifford, Zeiss, Toboquin, Nelsand, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.



**BEAUMONT INSTITUTION**, Beaumont-square, Mile-end.—The Musical Debutant Society have the honour to announce to their subscribers, friends, and the public that their First Concert will take place on Monday evening June the 15th, when the following members will appear:—Vocalists—Miss Annie Seyfried, Miss Kathleen Carter, Miss Annie West, Miss Emily Macnamara; Mr. G. B. Allen, Mr. G. J. Hartley, Mr. E. West, Mr. S. Russell, Mr. R. S. Jones, and Mr. R. Pearson. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Miss Kate Delany; Flute, Herr Schreiner; Violin, Herr Borschitzky. Conductor, Mr. Edwin West. Reserved Seats, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Area, 1s.

**MADAME MORTIER DE FONTAINE and SIGNOR BOTTURA** have the honour to inform their pupils and friends that their ANNUAL PRIVATE MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Réunion des Arts, 76, Harley-street, on Thursday, June 21, to commence at Two o'clock precisely, when they will be assisted by the following eminent artists. Vocalists—Miss Julia Bleaden, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, and Miss Katharine Smith; Signor Marras, Mr. Seymour, Signor Bottini, Signor Bottura, and Signor Belletti. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Signor Arthur Napoleon; Concertina, Mr. Richard Blagrove; Violoncello, Mons. Paque; and Harp, Mr. Boleyn Reeves. Accompanists—Signor Piloti and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Single tickets, fifteen shillings; double tickets, one guinea; may be had at Madame Mortier's residence, 15, George-street, Portman-square, and at Signor Bottura's, 11, Portland-street, Soho.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—For one night only, Tuesday, the 19th inst., at eight o'clock. A GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT will be given by Mr. George Buckland, assisted by the following eminent artists: Messrs. T. Young, Montem Smith, Henry Buckland, and George Lake, consisting of Selections from the Glories and Songs of the late Sir Henry Bishop, and other Composers.

**SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI'S MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place at Willie's Rooms, on Friday, June 22, to commence at 3 o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mdlle. Emilie Krahl (Hof opern sängerin aus Wien), Miss Lascelles, and Signor Marras. Instrumentalists—Harp, Mr. Boleyn Reeves; Concertina, Messrs. R. Blagrove, W. Evans, G. Lake, and Sig. Giulio Regondi; Guitar, Sig. Giulio Regondi; Pianiste-Accompagnateur, Sig. Li Caisi. Reserved seats (half-a-guinea) to be had only of Signor Regondi, 24, Upper George-street, Bryanstone-square; unreserved seats (7s.) to be had at the principal music-sellers.

**HERR LOUIS RIES** begs to announce his SOIREE MUSICALE at the Réunion des Arts, 76, Harley-street, on Friday, 22nd June, to commence at Eight o'clock. Pianoforte, Herr Pauer; violin, Herren Ernst and Deichmann; viola, Mr. Zerbini; violoncello, Mr. Paque. Vocalists, Miss Mosement, Miss Rheummoie, Mdlle. de Villar, and Mr. Herbert. Tickets 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets to admit three, One Guinea. At all the principal music warehouses, and of Herr L. Ries, 14, Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

**M. PAQUE** has the honour to announce that he will give a SOIREE MUSICALE at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, next Wednesday, 20th of June, assisted by the most eminent talent, vocal and instrumental. Among other places will be performed (for the first time in this country), by Messrs. Piatti, Hausmann, Engelke, and Paque, "La Poesia," quartet for four violoncellos, by Mercadante. For Tickets, etc., apply to M. Paque, 60, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square.

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